WINNING THE KING'S CUP

The Story of the Spanish Ocean Race

By HELEN G. BELL

FIVE great schooners pile on all canvas and dash across the Atlantic in a race for the Cup offered by the King of Spain. . . . Read the thrilling account of how the ELENA won the contest. . . . The call of adventure and the lure of the ocean in every line. . . . A book for every sportsman and for every lover of the sea.

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His Majesty, Alfonso XIII
The King of Spain

WINNING THE KING'S CUP

AN ACCOUNT OF THE "ELENA'S" RACE TO SPAIN
1928

By

HELEN G. BELL

ILLUSTRATED

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by
Helen G. Bell
New York

To His Majesty

ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN,

A SPORTSMAN WHO SAILS HIS OWN YACHT,
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
HIS PATRONAGE OF THE SPANISH OCEAN RACE,
HIS GENEROUS WELCOME TO AMERICAN YACHTSMEN
AND
HIS DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF FRIENDSHIP
BETWEEN
SPAIN AND AMERICA

Dedicated by Permission

FOREWORD

IT is a pleasure to acknowledge the help I have received from many quarters in the writing of this book. I shall not attempt to say how much I owe to my father, without whose guidance and encouragement this book would never have been written. I particularly wish to express my gratitude to Miss Priscilla Foote for her drawing of the charts and graphs, to Miss Marion Walters for her statistics on the provisioning of the *Elena*, to Mr. John McGreevy for his drafting of the plans of the boat and to Mr. R. M. Haddock, the naval architect, for statistical data and revision of plans. The construction of the racing charts and graphs was made possible through the coöperation of Mr. Gerard B. Lambert of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Edgar F. Palmer of the *Guinevere*, Mr. Robert W. Johnson of the *Zodiac*, Mr. William J. Curtis and Mr. J. Linton Rigg of the *Pinta*, Mr. Lawrence Lombard and Mr. Elihu Root, Jr., of the *Nina*, and Mr. George Woodard of the *Mohawk*. I am particularly indebted to His Excellency, Alejandro Padilla y Bell, the Spanish Ambassador, for his help in correcting the errors and omissions of the manuscript.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	v
CHAPTER	
I.—THE RACE	3
II.—THE RECEPTION	27
III.—THE RACE TO BILBAO	52
IV.—THE *Elena*	58
V.—GETTING READY	69
VI.—PROBLEMS IN NAVIGATION	80
VII.—PROVISIONS	89
APPENDIX	
SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE RACING RULES	97
COMMITTEES	99
PARTICIPANTS IN SPANISH OCEAN RACE, 1928	100
LIST OF THE *Elena's* CREW	101
AMATEURS ON BOARD THE LARGE YACHTS	102
AMATEUR CREWS OF THE SMALLER YACHTS	103
THE *Elena's* VICTORIES	104
LOG	108
PROGRAM OF FESTIVITIES IN SPAIN	113

CONTENTS

PAGE

Acknowledgments 116

Spanish Royal Family 118

Provisions for Thirty Days 119

Cubic Capacity of the *Elena* 131

Sail Area of *Elena* 132

Index 133

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

His Majesty Alfonso XIII, King of Spain . *Frontispiece*

The *Elena* Under Spinnaker 4

The King's Cup 6

The *Elena*. Taken from the *Atlantic* at Noon of the Second Day 10

A Lively Breeze 14

The *Atlantic* 18

The *Guinevere* 20

The *Zodiac* 22

The *Azara* 28

The *Elena* 30

The King Comes Aboard 32

The Premier Arrives for Luncheon 50

Tuck 52

The *Nina* 54

The *Mohawk* 56

The *Pinta* 60

The *Rofa* 70

The Skipper 74

Captain Barr 76

The *Elena* with Her Transatlantic Rig 84

CHARTS AND PLANS

FACING PAGE

Race for the King's Cup 24
A chart showing the courses of the large yachts.

Graph of the Large Yachts 26
Showing the leading yacht on each day of the race and the relative position of the other participants.

Deck Plan of the *Elena* 62

Plan of the Saloon Deck 64

Plan of the Machinery and Storage Deck . . . 68

Sail Plan 78

Course of the *Elena* 88
Indicated on the U. S. Hydrographic Bureau Pilot Chart.

The Spanish Ocean Race 90
A chart showing the courses of both large and small yachts.

Race for the Queen's Cup 102
A chart showing the courses of the small yachts.

Graph of the Small Yachts 104
Showing the leading yacht on each day and the relative position of the other participants.

WINNING THE KING'S CUP

1928

WINNING THE KING'S CUP

CHAPTER I

THE RACE

THE next day was to see the start of the Ocean Race to Spain. It seemed incredible that the great moment was almost at hand, but it must be true; the last preparations on board the *Elena* had been completed, the water tanks had been filled with water, the last pound of meat had arrived and been safely stored away, the ship was manned and we were boarding her at City Island preparatory to being towed down the East River that night to Gravesend Bay. On the next day, July seventh, 1928, at noon, we would cross the starting line off the Ambrose Channel lightship and set off across three thousand miles of ocean to Spain. The last step of all had been taken, for the topmast was housed to enable us to pass safely under Brooklyn Bridge. Previous enquiry had showed us that, with her topmast set, there would be only two feet to spare if the *Elena* went directly under the middle of the bridge at high water. According to the original dimensions of the bridge, we should have had a clearance of four feet; but we were told that, since it was built, Brooklyn Bridge has sagged two feet. We were not disposed to trust any tug to tow us exactly under the middle of the bridge; so, in order to avoid all risks, the topmast was housed for the trip down the river.

Everyone was on board, including the Skipper. He had a toilworn expression, for the final weeks of preparation had been strenuous to the last degree. However, there was a look of relief on his face, for the worst was over and the great adventure about to start. Nor was my father the only one to look forward to the race as a great experience; I think that, in a way, I had begun preparing for this moment in my cradle. One of my earliest remembrances dates back to the time when we lived in a house close by the sea and my father used to go out with me on the stone terrace overlooking the ocean and draw plans with a piece of chalk of the yacht we would have some time and spin yarns about the cruises we would make. He often talked about the races of the clipper ships in the old days, and several times we discussed the transatlantic race for the Kaiser's Cup which had been won by the *Atlantic* in 1905. When we bought the *Elena* two years ago, I felt that we had taken a great step toward our goal, and when we learned last winter that the King of Spain had offered a cup to the winning yacht with a water line of more than fifty-five feet in a race from America to Spain, I had a curious feeling that fate had found us out at last and that we were destined to go. My mother, I think, looked at the matter in a different light. When she was asked whether she wished to go or not, she said that, if the rest of us were to be drowned, then she certainly wanted to be drowned too; but, to anyone not familiar with her psychology, this answer was decidedly misleading. As a matter of fact, she possesses much the purest sporting blood of the family, but it does not put in its appearance until after the event has started. Beforehand she develops misgivings and talks about her natural timidity, but very soon she becomes so

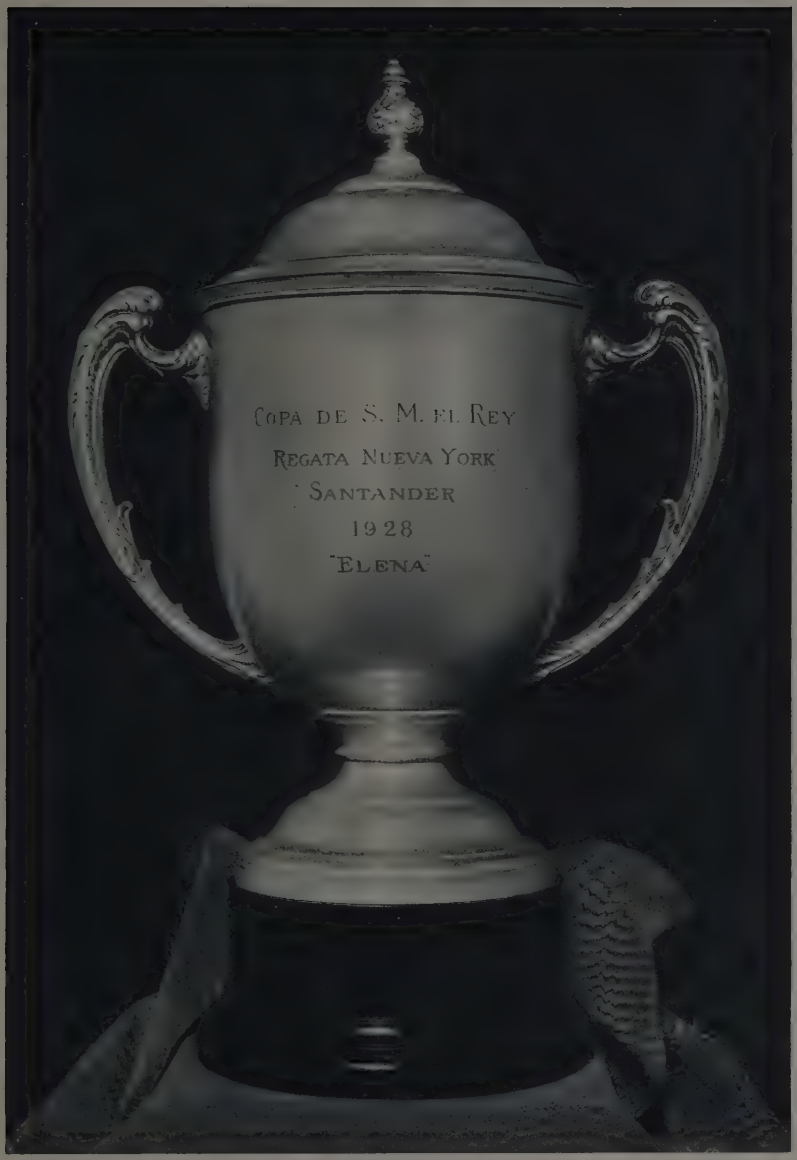
THE *Elena* UNDER SPINNAKER
The Winner of the King's Cup

excited about the outcome of the event that these minor symptoms are completely submerged by a wild desire to win. All of which happened in the Spanish Race, as the reader will see; but the day before the race she came on board in the firm conviction that she was as a lamb led to the slaughter. Having inside information that this condition was not permanent, the rest of us did not allow it to depress us. To be quite frank, I think that, so far as my friend, Miss Marion Walters, and myself were concerned, nothing could have depressed us. We were much too excited for that. More excited still were Nip and Tuck, two roly-poly wire-haired fox terrier puppies who were taken along as mascots. They took it upon themselves to welcome us on board with wild enthusiasm, as if they too were duly impressed with the importance of the occasion. In fact, the whole party was unanimous in agreeing that the hour was a momentous one; everything seemed rosy and the race was about to begin.

But it is decreed that the course of yachting, like that of true love, never did run smooth. As the Skipper stepped on board he was met by the sailing master, Captain Barr. Now the Captain always looks as a Captain should; his face is bronzed and weatherbeaten, and he walks the deck as if he never walked anything else. Usually he has an expression of calm assurance which shows that he is thoroughly in command of the situation. But on this occasion,—there was no denying it,—he looked worried. He took the Skipper aside and broke the news to him. It appeared that nineteen of our sailors had chosen this time to conceive a plan. They had been signed on before the United States Commissioner with the understanding that, in addition to their regular wages, they were to receive seventy-five dollars as

starting money whether we won or lost, and seventy-five dollars more if we came in first. It had now occurred to them that it would be an excellent idea to receive one hundred and fifty dollars starting money and three hundred dollars more if we won. Although it was the eve of the race and the chance that we could fill up our depleted ranks before noon the next day was none too good, nevertheless the Skipper refused to consider the proposition. Three of the nineteen men changed their minds promptly and decided to stay with us, but the remaining sixteen were put ashore in the water boat which happened to be alongside. The navigator and the boatswain went off to hunt for volunteers in the restaurants of South Street and other likely stamping grounds, and the rest of us started to tow down the East River.

By this time it was eight o'clock and we discovered that, sailors or no sailors, our appetites were keen; we deserted the deck and went below. When the second steward appeared with the soup, however, it became obvious that all was not well. Had we been at sea, we would merely have assumed that we had struck a little rough weather and navigation around the dining room table had become difficult. As we were still in the East River, this explanation seemed inadequate and we were forced to the conclusion that the second steward was drunk. He was summarily ejected from the dining saloon and one of the messmen who waited on the officers' mess was called in to take his place. In fact, the latter became the second steward for the rest of the voyage (we persisted in referring to him from then on as the "second second steward") and the first second steward was put off the boat the next morning. After this interruption, we continued our dinner peacefully and



THE KING'S CUP

emerged on deck in time to watch the *Elena* sweep down the East River under the four great bridges, all alight and looming over us majestically, while our masts towered up until they looked as if they must strike the spans above. Shortly before twelve we arrived in Gravesend Bay and anchored for the night. The end of a perfect day, as I remarked to the Skipper in a moment of irony, and he replied solemnly that it all comes under the name of "sport."

The next morning, however, the outlook was much brighter, for the efforts of our navigator and boatswain to pick up recruits had been successful. They had found South Street a fruitful source of unemployed seamen, but were particularly grateful to the services of a Norwegian church in the neighborhood. When I was first told this, I had visions of our navigator standing in the pulpit and pleading with the congregation,—tears in his eyes,—to rescue a dying cause; but it later appeared that what had actually happened was that the church had offered its lists of members with their addresses and, as they were invariably seamen, the list was invaluable. It must be admitted, however, that our later experiences with the crew did not altogether bear out the idea that they were members of a religious congregation. At any rate, the quest was successful and Mr. Henry Howard, Secretary of the Spanish Ocean Race Committee, who was spending the night at the Atlantic Yacht Club at Gravesend Bay, tells us that all night long sailors for the *Elena* kept arriving at the Club in taxicabs. It is doubtful whether so many taxi loads had ever been brought to the club before at such indecorous hours, and certainly never such an assortment of persons. The Commodore, Mr. O'Shea, rose to the situation, however, and made arrangements for them to spend what was left of the

night at the Club. The next morning thirty-five men were brought on board from whom we were able to choose eighteen, thus netting us two more sailors than we had before. Then and not until then, did we know that we could sail in the race that morning.

We proceeded down the harbor to the Ambrose Channel lightship, towed by a tug which was appropriately named the *Dauntless* and which flew an enormous pennant bearing the words "*Good Luck Elena!*", the gift of friends. Many of these friends were on board, and they gave us a hearty send-off; perhaps even more heartfelt because some of them were firmly convinced that they would never see us again. The fleet of boats made up of many yachts like the *Corsair*, the *Cigarette*, and the *Savarona*, which had come down to see the start of the race, was an impressive sight, and the number of movie photographers who accompanied them was equally impressive.

Owing to the delay in getting our new crew, we would have been late in getting over the starting line if the race had begun at noon as scheduled. But, fortunately for us, the wind died out and the race was postponed for two and one-half hours. This gave us time to get to the appointed spot and even allowed our new men to disappear one by one in order to discard straw hats and street clothes for the more conventional sailor togs. For certain of our friends on the tug, however, the delay was unfortunate. A heavy swell made some of them regret that they had come and even the musicians who had been serenading us with "Valencia" and other appropriate tunes lost interest and disappeared. Indeed, one of the waiters stopped serving sandwiches for the same urgent reason. At last a wind sprang up from the Southwest and the warning gun was

sounded. The *Elena* was on the far side of the line, but heading back towards it. She sailed across it and then, when the Skipper, who was steering, calculated by his stop watch that there was just time enough left, she swung around and went for the line. The result was that, just after the final gun sounded, she crossed well ahead of the other boats.

Behind the *Elena* came Mr. Lambert's famous three masted schooner, the *Atlantic*, winner of the Kaiser's Cup in the last transatlantic race, which got the wind of the *Zodiac*, sailed by Mr. Johnson, and soon pulled ahead of her. Behind the *Zodiac* was the *Guinevere*, belonging to Mr. Palmer, and the *Azara*, owned by Mr. Baker. The five great schooners made a magnificent sight as they crowded all sail and headed for Spain. Our tug accompanied us for some distance, as well as many yachts; but finally, one after the other, they all saluted us with the customary three blasts of farewell and good luck, and turned, leaving us to our fate.

The next three days were easily the most exciting of my existence. It had been predicted that the race would be between ourselves and the *Atlantic*, and it soon seemed obvious that the prediction had been correct, for the *Elena* and the *Atlantic* kept in sight of each other. In fact, the two boats sailed what might have been a race on Long Island Sound, for the same tactics were employed. There has undoubtedly never been another ocean race where two yachts were in sight of each other for three days, and their skippers sailed them as hard and as carefully as if the race were to last only a few hours. How close the *Elena* and the *Atlantic* were can be seen from the photograph of the *Elena* facing page 10, taken from the *Atlantic* on the second

day out and reproduced through the courtesy of her skipper, Mr. Lambert.

At first, the light Southwesterly winds exactly suited us and we maintained a good lead while the hull of the *Atlantic* slowly disappeared below the horizon and the other boats rapidly dropped behind. Unfortunately for us, the breeze next day began to freshen and the *Atlantic* became a dangerous opponent. We could see that she was shortening the distance between us and each time I reappeared on deck,—and my anxiety did not permit me to remain below for any length of time,—I looked hurriedly and uneasily astern to be sure that she was still there and had not crept up on us. By pushing the *Elena* continually we maintained our lead for the remainder of the day in spite of the increasing force of the wind; but the next day, when it began to blow harder our balloon jib topsail split with a loud noise and we were obliged to take it down for repairs. The job took a good three hours, although six men worked on it as fast as they could. During this time the *Atlantic* pulled up on us, came abeam and finally passed us, a fine sight with all her sails full. It was obvious that she was being magnificently handled by her rear guard, of whom Charles Francis Adams II, the great amateur yachtsman, was a member. Our sail was now mended and we put it up as soon as possible, hoping against hope to retrieve our lead. Slowly but surely our hopes were fulfilled and we crept up on our rival. In the wee small hours of the following morning we passed her in turn. It was a great moment, for we were so close to her as we pulled ahead that we actually took the wind out of her sails.

Spectacular as this triumph was, we did not profit by it long. The wind steadily increased in force and once

The *Elena*

Taken from the *Atlantic* at noon of the second day

again our balloon jib split, this time quite seriously. There was nothing for us to do but to set about repairing it and face the fact that our light sails were not to be depended on and would very likely lose us the race. The main saloon was turned into a sail loft and each time a balloon jib split, sailors worked on it day and night until the sail was mended. During these operations, we could do nothing but curse our fate and gnash our teeth at the thought that the light sails had been thoroughly inspected by an expert who had reported them to be in excellent condition. We decided that we would make a little list of the people whom we would like to hang at our yard arm, and that he should head it; but we also made a note of the fact that, in an ocean race, a set of medium weight sails should be carried for use in airs which are too strong for the usual light canvas. All these decisions did not prevent the *Atlantic* from profiting by our predicament and gaining on us. In this crisis, as a last forlorn hope we put up our extra balloon jib, brought for port to port racing in Spain; but it too soon tore, and we were overcome by despair. On the third afternoon the *Atlantic* passed us and sailed out of sight, leaving us in a state of the deepest depression.

Not too depressed, however, to be amused by an incident which occurred soon after. We had not anticipated that our light sails would prove rotten, so we soon found ourselves short of light canvas for patching. Heavy canvas we had in large quantities, but just as the scripture tells us not to put a new piece of cloth in an old garment, so our experience taught us not to patch light canvas with heavy, for the sail invariably tore where the heavy canvas joined the original material. In this emergency the first steward came to the rescue and proffered some old white duck uniforms.

These were of the proper weight and found their way into the balloon jib topsail, presenting an astonishing and far from yachty appearance. Even with their assistance, however, we knew that we could not trust our light sails at any time during the trip.

Now that our rival was out of sight we settled down to the routine of an ocean race, with all the unusual sensations which accompany it. No one who has not been on a long yacht race can possibly imagine how tremendously thrilling it is. In the first place, there is the curious feeling of insignificance that comes over you when your boat is an absurdly small speck in the midst of an infinite ocean. Each day out the boat seems a trifle smaller and the ocean considerably larger. You are so close to the water that you get a tremendous feeling of speed as it rushes by, and you can see the vivid green of the waves as they rise up in front of you and the foam of their crests as they hurry away behind you. And all the time there is the feeling of perfect quiet; no motor cars, no train hooting, not even the rustle of wind in the trees; only the sound of water rushing past and now and then a protesting crackle of the sail. The conditions seem strange and unnatural, but you gradually become accustomed to living at an angle, and after a time you balance yourself unconsciously so as to counterbalance the slant. It no longer attracts your attention when your clothes hang from their hooks in apparent defiance of the laws of gravity, and you cease to expect to find things where you have laid them down. It no longer annoys you when your dining room chair works loose from its chain and catapults across the floor, and it seems perfectly normal to see blue water through your porthole. You become accustomed to the unaccustomed, and you are acclimated to

the sea; so much so that you almost forget that there is any other mode of existence.

In the second place there is the feeling of absolute dependence on the elements. Your first thought in the morning is to look at the barometer and the sky, and your last thought before you turn in at night is the same. When you are caught in a calm, you wait anxiously for the wind, and when you have too much wind, you hope anxiously that it will blow no harder. And always in the back of your mind —unformulated, of course—is the feeling that, if a real storm comes, you and your boat are a mere impertinence on the face of the deep.

Last and by no means least is the continual strain involved in a race. After all, there is no other sporting event which covers such a length of time as a transatlantic yacht race. A horse race is over in a few minutes; a football game is a matter of a couple of hours. The marathon covers a half day, and a tennis tournament is settled in a week, with intervals of rest and repose. In an ocean race no one knows how long it will last,—it may be two weeks or it may be a month,—and every minute is intensely exciting. In our case, for seventeen days we ate, drank, talked and thought of nothing but the race. When the wind died down, we fumed and fretted, picturing our rivals enjoying a fair breeze. When the wind blew half a gale, it was heartbreaking to have to shorten sail. Always there was the ever-present question,—where are the others? Weak radio signals encouraged us for a day, and on the next comparatively strong ones plunged us into the deepest gloom. There was little sleep and no rest; the boat must be pushed at any cost. At dawn when there is a tendency to slacken we must take special precautions. Before breakfast we

must push her, and all day as well. Before dinner we must be sure that every possible ounce of speed is being gotten out of her, and after dinner we must see whether conditions have changed and anything better can be done. At bed time we must make another inspection, and later check up the results by night prowls. The minute a squall moderates we must get the topsails up again; and nothing must prevent us from making the most of every change of wind, even if we have to set and trim sails by the light of the electric searchlight and electric torches. The ropes and rigging must be watched like a hawk for fear the continual chafing should make them give way. Men are sent aloft at least every watch to examine the rigging minutely, and if the slightest sign of chafing is observed, the exposed spots are protected by canvas or leather pads. Often preventer halliards and runners are rigged, so that if the original rope gives way, the others will hold. Any unusual noise must immediately be traced,—it may mean trouble. Continual tension and unceasing work! No slackening, even when the wind blows great guns, the spray comes over the bow in sheets and the rain pelts down in blinding torrents. Whether you and your men are wet or dry, cold or hot, hungry or exhausted, the speed of the boat must be considered first.

Most of the time our weather was excellent and we sailed along,—by day on a beautifully blue sea with an even bluer sky overhead, at night with brilliant stars above. A light but steady breeze from the Southwest enabled us to make good time; our record run from noon of one day to noon of the next was two hundred and eighty-two miles, or more than half the speed of the steamship *Majestic*. All the days seemed very much alike, and yet they never grew

A Lively Breeze

monotonous. We never tired of watching the sea. It was an event to see a flying fish, and the sight of a school of porpoises, jumping around the boat in threes and fours, was as good as a play. Nip and Tuck were an unfailing source of entertainment. As they were only tiny puppies, we were obliged to keep them on leash to prevent them from falling overboard, and their ingenuity in tangling themselves up passed description. On one occasion we rescued Nip just before he expired from strangulation, having wound himself cleverly around both a deck chair and the binnacle. We found there was a great difference in temperament between the two dogs. Nip was a happy-go-lucky, fat little fellow who accepted his new environment philosophically and enjoyed himself thoroughly while he played tug-of-war with the mainsheet and learned how to climb up and down the companion steps. Tuck, on the other hand, was afflicted with the artistic temperament. He wanted to be flattered and petted, and any attention paid to Nip drove him to frenzies of jealousy. He would romp and play with Nip and pretend to have tremendous battles with him, but the minute that Nip began to have the best of it, Tuck would lose interest and snap viciously, retiring with a hurt and bored expression, as if such childish games were entirely beneath him. Nor could he understand why the floor behaved so strangely, and why he should occasionally find himself sliding down the deck, in spite of strenuous efforts to stop himself; finally he gave the matter up as hopeless, and confined himself to making little protesting noises as he slid. Worst of all, when the weather got lively,—agony of agonies,—he was seasick. Poor little Tuck; life was hard and inexplicably complicated for a puppy.

The Skipper was on duty twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four in an effort to hurry us along to Spain; but during the calm weather, the ladies of the party found plenty of time to lie out in the sun and watch for whales. It was always a red letter day when we saw one; but on one occasion, which Baedeker would double star, the helmsman shouted "A whale!" and we turned, just in time to see one cross our bows, so near that we speculated on which would have had the worst of it if we had run into it,—the whale or ourselves. On one day we saw a school of swordfish, and while we were in the Gulf Stream there were always interesting jellyfish and bunches of seaweed floating by. Once the sinister fin of a shark followed us for some distance, leaving a disagreeable feeling behind him when he took himself off. Rarely did we spot the smoke or the lights of a steamer on the horizon, and never near; in fact, I think we did not see more than two until we were off Cape Finisterre. We communicated with a number by radio, however, and they were invariably courteous and helpful in their reports on weather conditions in their vicinity. Commander Cunningham of the *Leviathan* sent us a personal message wishing us good luck; and when, a few weeks later while we were anchored near Southampton in England, the *Leviathan* sailed by us, we were thrilled to receive a special salute which we duly returned by dipping our ensign. Commander Cunningham had not forgotten where he had last heard from us.

During the voyage across the Atlantic, there were fifty of us on board. In spite of the fact that we formed a small colony, the general loneliness of the surroundings made us seem few in number. There were four of us in the owner's quarters, and the remaining forty-six persons lived for-

ward. There were four officers—the sailing master, the first mate, the navigator and the boatswain. The officers and crew were divided into two watches, so that either the Captain or the first mate was always on duty. He was assisted by either the navigator or the boatswain, depending on whose watch it was. The night was divided into three watches of four hours each, the first from eight o'clock to midnight, the second from midnight to four o'clock and the third from four to eight. In the daytime the arrangement was modified by the introduction of two two hour watches known as "dog watches"—one from four to six o'clock in the afternoon and one from six to eight. The purpose of these short watches was to change the turn of the watches in the course of twenty-four hours, so that the same set of men would not find themselves doing the same duty during the entire trip.

In the steward's department there were six persons. The first steward and the second steward were responsible for waiting on the owner's table and keeping the owner's quarters in order. Besides this, it was the first steward's duty to care for the storing of provisions and to keep track of how much food was left. The chef cooked the owner's meals,—and very good they were. The rougher the weather, the better the meals, seemed to be his motto, and at all times we were served with delicious food. The ship's cook did the cooking for the crew, although the chef presided over all the baking. There were two messmen, one to serve and wash dishes for the officers' mess and one for the crew's mess; for although the officers and the crew ate at the same time, of course their meals were served separately.

Two engineers—a chief engineer and his assistant—

were necessary in order to care for all the electrical equipment on board. Another important person was the radio operator, popularly referred to as "Sparks."

Among the thirty-three men in the crew there was a ship's carpenter, whose job it was to make any repairs which might become necessary on the trip. Naturally enough, his nickname on shipboard was "Chips." He was a meek little man with a curl which came down over his forehead, and while he was constructing a dog house for Nip and Tuck, he became quite interested in their doings. On one occasion when Tuck was indulging in one of his temperamental fits, Chips remarked to me that he thought the dog must be "yealous." The pronunciation was typical of the nationality of the crew; so far as we could find out, there was hardly a seaman on board to whom the jib was not a "yib." Four of the sailors were deputed to be helmsmen, called "quartermasters." In their case, they did not have all their four hours at the wheel, but the two in each watch relieved each other at the helm every hour. Of course there were a few members of the crew who stood out from the others by reason of their startling characteristics; one of these was "Red," whose crowning glories were his hair and freckles and whose chief joy was running up and down the masts, and climbing into the most hair-raising positions where he draped himself carelessly, without bothering to hold on.

As the trip continued, the crew gradually adjusted themselves and learned their duties and entered into the race with excellent spirit. But at first most of them were very green. The newspapers had a great deal of fun at the expense of our scratch crew, and Mr. Warren, European correspondent of the "New York Times," went so far as

THE *Atlantic*
Race for the King's Cup

to say that when the Boatswain wanted a little action, it was only when he yelled "Taxi!" that an immediate response followed. Mr. Warren playfully added that when a new sail was to be put up, it must first be introduced to the crew. The Boatswain would announce solemnly "Spinnaker, this is the crew. Crew, this is the Spinnaker." After these preliminaries had taken place, the men were ready to proceed. However, in spite of this deplorable state of affairs, we managed to get on very well.

Whenever we were not watching Red and his acrobatic stunts or keeping a lookout for whales, we resorted to playing the Victrola. We had brought with us a series of records giving lessons in Spanish, with the idea that we ought, at least, to learn how to say "Good day" and "Thank you" to our hosts in Spain, and, if the weather had continued fair, we might have become quite fluent. Unfortunately, however, we ran into some rough seas on July fourteenth, and the Victrola needle began to slide across the record with a discordant screech.

Early in the trip we heard by radio of the disaster which had befallen the *Rofa*, one of the smaller class which was racing for the Queen's Cup. She had been dismasted in a sudden squall, and, although all the crew had been rescued by a tanker, the vessel sank during the night while it was being towed back, and was lost. We were now the only ladies in the race to Spain, for the *Rofa* had been the only other yacht with a lady on board.

After hearing of the *Rofa's* misadventure, we realized that it was not to be expected that Father Neptune would make our way easy all the way across, and sure enough, he was about to treat us to some stormy weather. Before we came down to dinner on our eighth day out, a fresh

reaching breeze had increased in force until the balloon jib topsail carried away once more; the sea kept getting rougher and rougher, and we raced along, now and then sticking our nose into a wave and soaking the deck with spray until we shook it clear again. The barometer kept falling ominously and the sky was covered with threatening cloud streamers. About four-thirty the next morning a heavy squall struck us violently and unexpectedly; the wind blew from forty to fifty miles an hour, the boat heeled over until the gauge registered an inclination of twenty-five degrees and the lee rail was a good two feet under water. I was sound asleep at the time the squall began, and I was thrown over the canvas strip stretched along the side of my bunk to keep me from rolling out, and hurled clear across the room, until I was brought up with a jerk against the chest of drawers opposite my berth. As the drawers were many in number, and each had two knobs on it, the awakening was rude and unpleasant in the extreme. When I had picked myself up, I decided to seek solace in company, so I endeavored to make my way to my father and mother's stateroom. Easier said than done, however, on account of the incredible slant of the boat and her wild plunging each time she dived into a head sea. By a combination of sliding and walking, however, I finally managed to get there, only to find that I was not the only one who had been ill treated. Miss Walters had waked to find that her ceiling was well under water, and that her port holes were so far submerged that one of them which had not been properly sealed at the top, had developed a leak. From this port a small stream of the Atlantic Ocean was pouring into her bunk, and she too had been obliged to take refuge in my father and mother's stateroom.

THE *Guinevere*
Race for the King's Cup

The Skipper was on deck as usual, and we could hear all hands working frantically to reduce sail. At last the topsails were furled, although the blinding rain and wind made the task extremely difficult, and under mainsail, staysail, foresail and jib, the boat rode far more easily and still made excellent progress. It was a great relief to us to find that she was so seaworthy and sailed so comfortably, shipping surprisingly little water. The squall—the worst of the trip—blew itself out in four and a half hours, but was followed by other less violent squalls which continued at intervals for two days. We lived in our oilskins and got very tired of hanging on to grab rails and crawling up and down the companion steps on all fours, but otherwise we got along very well. There was one dinner at which I was heard to offer a prize to anyone who should last out the meal,—an entirely disinterested offer and intended primarily for my own encouragement; but the chef's good food enabled me to weather the crisis so that even I qualified for the prize at the coffee.

At last the wind moderated and the sun came out. It was a great joy to feel that our anxieties were over for the moment and that we had a chance to get thoroughly dried out. Shortly afterwards we saw a sight which made us thankful that we had weathered our storm without any damage; a merchant schooner—the third and last of the vessels sighted on the trip across—with her topmast snapped off near the foremast head sailed close by us, so close that we could see all the details of how she had suffered.

Now that our anxieties about the weather had subsided however, we began to worry again about the whereabouts of the *Atlantic*. Ordinarily we attempted to keep our own position a secret; but curiosity proved too much for us,

and once we exchanged positions with her. From this we found that she was about fifty miles further North than we were, but only one mile further East. Balloon jibs or not, surely we were in the running if we were only a mile astern! Undoubtedly we had struck favorable wind and weather conditions, so we determined not to give away our position again, but to see what secrecy and hard work would do for us. This, however, did not prevent the radio operator on the *Elena* from having little radio chats with the operator on the *Atlantic* in an effort to find out a great deal about the *Atlantic* without giving away any information about his own boat, and the operator on the *Atlantic* retaliated in kind.

"What kind of weather are you having?" inquires the *Elena.*

"I don't know. What about you?" answers the *Atlantic.*

"I haven't the slightest idea," says our operator, although the boat is heeled far over and he hears the wind howling outside.

"What time have you?" asks the *Atlantic*, but fortunately our operator remembers at the crucial moment that if the *Atlantic* knows what our time is, she will know our longitude. He therefore answers in terms of Greenwich Time, and so the little game goes on.

When we were some four hundred miles from Spain and had reason to believe that we might be leading, suddenly a great calamity fell upon us; we ran into a calm. I hope I shall never be called upon to pass through such a period of agony again. While we imagined the *Atlantic* and the *Guinevere* enjoying a good breeze and tearing along towards Spain, we rolled on a calm sea and our sails slatted uselessly. The chart facing page 24 shows that our fears were justified, for the other boats decreased our lead materially

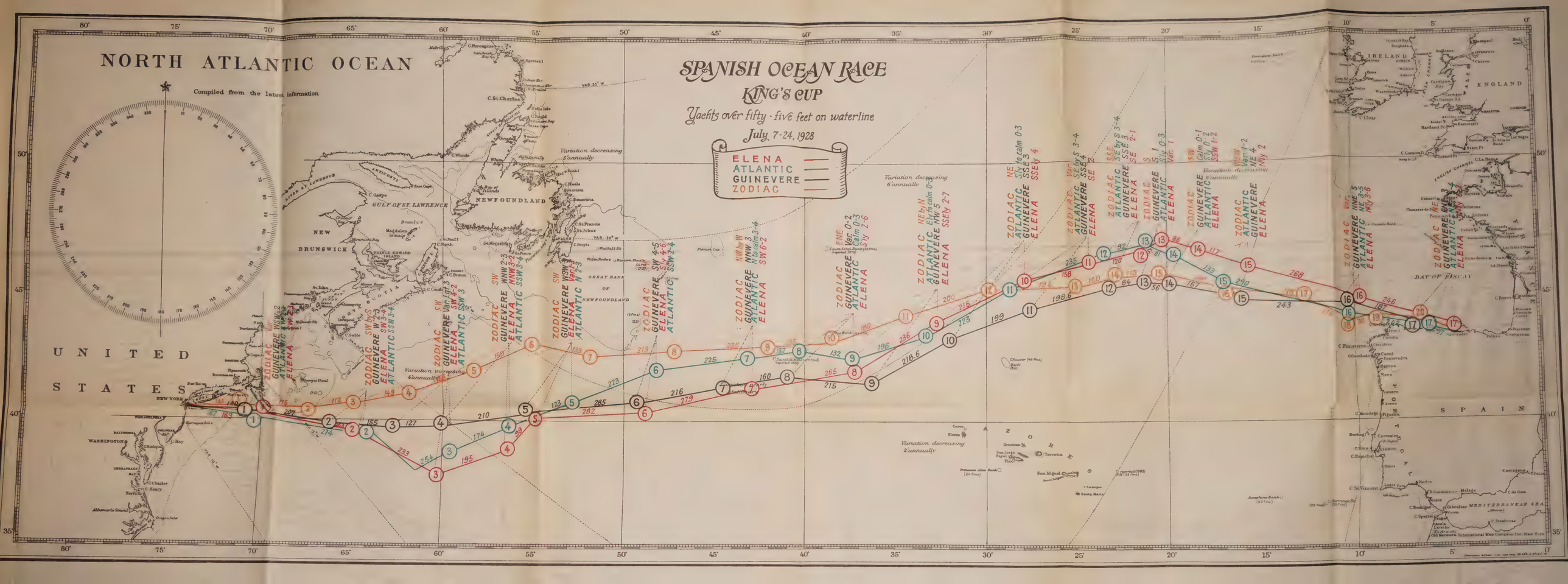
THE *Zodiac*
Race for the King's Cup

during this period, especially the *Guinevere*, which continued to have a stiff breeze while we had none at all, and crept up on us at an astounding pace. The chart gives after the name of each boat on each day the general direction of the wind which she was having and its force, so that it can easily be seen how we were almost without wind while the other boats still had strong breezes. One of the most interesting things in the entire trip was the achievement of the *Guinevere*. That she, heavily built and not essentially a racing boat, should have crept up on the leading yachts at such a rate, was a really remarkable feat. It is clearly shown in the graph of the larger yachts facing page 26. But, fortunately for us, just before the *Atlantic* and the *Guinevere* overtook us, we got a good breeze from the Northeast; now at last we could make our final dash for Spain. By this time the *Elena* seemed to us like a person, —someone whom we knew intimately. She heeled over gracefully and made splendid time, as if she understood our predicament and realized what was at stake. I have yet to see a more beautiful sight than the last few nights on board, after we had picked up a good wind. The stars were a magnificent spectacle, and as we fled through the darkness, the boat shook off the white spray and left a phosphorescent trail behind her, as she set herself steadily toward the goal.

But we had another nervous crisis through which to pass. So far we did not know our position with regard to the other boats and, although we hoped that we were ahead, still we had no positive proof of this. On the last night out the wireless operator on the *Atlantic* permitted our operator to listen to a message which he was sending to Santander, in which he gave her position. From this we learned that

we were thirty-four miles ahead. The *Guinevere* he reported to be four miles behind the *Atlantic*. So far so good. But when we realized that we had come nearly thirty-four hundred miles, thirty-four miles did not seem like much of a lead. According to our calculations, we had some seventeen hours yet to sail, and if the *Atlantic* should be favored with a strong reaching gale, she might make up two miles an hour and get there first. Moreover, there was always the possibility that we might be becalmed and she might not. The wind was very fresh,—so fresh that we had shortened sail. It was on this occasion that mother sent a message to Captain Barr to put up the topsails. From this the reader may see that by this time she was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the race and had no intention whatever of being drowned.

That night very little sleep was had by anyone on board and, to add to our distress, towards morning the wind began to moderate. The great question was, whether the *Atlantic's* wind was alsom oderating, and this we had no way of ascertaining. Very soon we were surrounded by a fleet of fishing boats, all of which had been given a holiday to come out and meet any yachts they saw approaching the coast. There were so many of them that we felt certain that the price of fish would be very high indeed the next morning at Santander. They were most enthusiastic and approached us, blowing their whistles. The fishermen clapped their hands and waved their berets wildly. One boat passed close by us and the men held up two fingers to show that we were second. That was a bad moment for us, for we were afraid the *Atlantic* had slipped in ahead of us; but they soon saw the consternation on our faces and, grasping our predicament, shouted "*Nina!*" and



SPANISH OCEAN RACE
KING'S CUP
Yachts over fifty-five feet on waterline
July 7-24, 1928
ELENA
ATLANTIC
GUINEVERE
ZODIAC
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
Compiled from the latest information
UNITED STATES
NEW BRUNSWICK
NEWFOUNDLAND
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
GREAT BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND
IRELAND
ENGLAND
BAY OF BISCAY
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
AZORES
Variation decreasing 5' annually
Variation decreasing 6' annually
Variation decreasing 2' annually
Variation increasing 4' annually

pointed to us. Then we knew that only the *Nina* of the smaller class which was racing for the Queen's Cup and had started a week before we did, had arrived and that we were first in our class and the winner of the King's Cup. Thus reassured, we continued our course. The fishing boats, many of them, started to follow us and were surprised to find that, although they were motor driven, they were unable to keep up with the *Elena*. Gradually they dropped behind, looking in the distance like beetles with enormous antennæ, owing to their long poles sticking out on each side from which their nets were trawled.

A new problem now arose. The land was in sight, a blue, misty streak in the distance. We were anxious to identify the coast, for a delay of a few hours, if by any mischance we were obliged to hunt for the harbor, might easily prove fatal. The excitement was intense. At last a lighthouse was sighted; but instead of allaying our anxiety, this only increased it, for it appeared to be a round tower instead of the octagonal one we were expecting. I suggested that perhaps we were approaching the coast of Ireland, but my remark was regarded as untimely levity, unworthy of notice. Finally, as we drew nearer to the land, we were able to see that the lighthouse was an octagonal building after all; a slight haze had been responsible for softening its outlines and making it appear round. A great sigh of relief went up and we began to breathe again.

As we approached the finish line the wind began to soften. We strained our eyes in looking back to see whether there was any boat behind us, and the Captain, whose nerves were worn raw from excitement and lack of sleep, was horrified to see a sail bearing down on the harbor from the Northwest. It was becoming increasingly evident that

we would be obliged to make a short tack in order to fetch the finish line, and for a little while the fear that the sail meant that the *Atlantic* was arriving first after all clutched him by the throat. At last the sail came near enough for us to see that it belonged to a fishing boat, and we all felt relieved once more. A few moments later we crossed the finish line, and then we knew that the victory was ours, and that no one could take it from us. We finished at fifteen minutes and twenty-eight seconds after three by Greenwich Mean Time, after logging three thousand, four hundred and eleven miles. The voyage had taken us sixteen days, nineteen hours, forty-five minutes and twenty-eight seconds.

I have written "Finished," but we soon discovered that, in reality, our experiences had only just begun.

CHAPTER II

THE RECEPTION

A FEW moments after we crossed the finish line, the Spanish pilot came aboard in order to guide us into the harbor. By using a mixture of doubtful English and still more doubtful Spanish, we learned that the *Nina* had arrived only about an hour and a half before and was now being escorted to Santander. We had not been expected so soon, for we had been careful to conceal our position from our opponents and the only message from the larger yachts had been from the *Atlantic*, which had wirelessed that she would probably arrive the next day. Inasmuch as we had no idea what kind of reception awaited us, the fact that, at first, only the pilot boat appeared, did not surprise us. The tremendous feeling of relief as we realized that the long contest was over was sufficient in itself to drive all the other ideas out of our heads. But as we got nearer to the harbor we were approached and surrounded by all kinds of tugs and motor boats, gayly dressed with multi-colored flags. They all saluted us by dipping their ensigns, blowing their whistles and firing off rockets, and the wildest enthusiasm reigned on board them, displayed by much cheering and waving of flags. Among the first was a gayly decorated and powerful tug in the charge of the Reception Committee, which took us in tow and gave us the opportunity to furl our sails as we started up the

harbor. The Skipper had gone below to change his actual yachting costume for the theoretical one, when a luxurious motor launch appeared suddenly alongside. A moment later we were told the King was on board it, and immediately afterwards the King, himself, who had been sitting on the roof of the launch with his party, stood up and led a cheer for the *Elena.*

A wild hunt for the Skipper then ensued. When he was finally discovered in his stateroom struggling with his collar, we gasped, "Come quick . . . hurry up . . . the King's here. . . ." His frantic reply was "*Where's my collar button?*" There was no time then to suggest to him as a consolation that many a man has hunted frantically for a missing collar button but few have had a King waiting while they conducted the search. The offending article was soon located and the Skipper dashed on deck.

As soon as he appeared, the King called to him through a megaphone: "I have a cup for you." While the launch ran alongside, a short megaphone conversation followed in which the King inquired what kind of weather we had had and was much interested in our troubles with our light sails. At one stage of the conversation, the Skipper, noticing that we were being towed to the West of the Isle of Sto. Mauro, expressed some anxiety as to whether the depth of water in the western channel was sufficient. The King immediately volunteered to verify the depth by questioning the Captain of the tug, which he did, returning a moment later to reassure us that there were more than the six meters of water that the *Elena* needed. Soon after this, the Skipper asked: "Would you care to come on board and look us over?" The answer came back immediately, "Delighted."

During this conversation, the number of boats around

THE *Azara*

Race for the King's Cup

us had steadily increased until we were the center of an enthusiastic fleet. Among these was the Admiral's launch from the U. S. Battle Cruiser *Detroit* which had anchored in the harbor to welcome the yachts on their arrival. Admiral Burrage, Commander of the American Naval Forces in Europe, and Captain Bagley, Commander of the *Detroit*, were both on board, and they had as their guest, the American Ambassador, Mr. Ogden H. Hammond, who was in residence in Santander.

The King, with characteristic promptness in action, did not wait for us to anchor, or even for us to get the gangway steps properly adjusted, before he jumped on board, followed by his entire party which swarmed over the boat. His Majesty came up immediately and shook hands most cordially, in a way which put us at our ease at once. He is a tall, dark man, slender and well proportioned, and, athletically speaking, trained to the minute. His most distinguishing characteristic is a certain charm which makes everyone like him instantly. He always says and does the tactful thing and is constantly making witty remarks to enliven the occasion. His face is particularly animated, the expression constantly changing, and the most delightful moment is when he smiles, for a smile from the King of Spain is something to be remembered always. At the same time, he has a certain very real dignity which impresses everyone. He speaks perfect English,—an extraordinarily helpful accomplishment to us—and he understood the whole situation perfectly, for he is a yachtsman himself. On this occasion he wore a yachting costume of white flannel trousers, a navy blue coat and a yachting cap with a white top.

He was accompanied by his three younger sons, as well

as a party of distinguished noblemen and ladies. The Princes were fine looking young men, the oldest of whom, Prince Jaime, looks very much like his father. The youngest, Prince Gonsalo, was particularly interested in Nip and Tuck, and wished to know whether they were brothers. The American Ambassador, Admiral Burrage, Captain Bagley, Mr. Whitehouse, Secretary of the American legation, the Spanish Reception Committee and others soon came on board and joined our party.

By this time we were entering the harbor of Santander. The next few moments were so thrilling to me that even now I cannot think of them without a queer feeling in my throat. The harbor was filled with boats, all dressed in our honor, and as we were towed by with the royal party on board, each one saluted us by dipping her ensign. Three warships, one the U. S. S. *Detroit*, the others Spanish battleships, had dressed ship and lined their men up along the rails as well as stationing sailors on the towers and masts. As we went by the men stood at attention while a salute was fired and the bands played "America." Personally, I am not accustomed to being welcomed by battleships, dressed and manned, by cannon saluting and bands playing, and the thought that all this was being done in our honor made me feel sure that the whole thing must be a dream and that some time soon I would wake up and get back to the facts of life.

When we arrived off the Yacht Club, we slipped the tug hawser and dropped anchor, while rockets were bursting from the Yacht Club and the shore. We could see that the long stone quays were lined with literally tens of thousands of people who had come down to see us enter the harbor; and everywhere bells were ringing and whistles blowing. The

THE *Elena*

The Winner of the King's Cup

number of American flags displayed in the harbor and along the shores was astonishing, and we were afterwards told that, owing to the unusual demand, there were no more American flags to be had in the shops of Santander.

His Majesty expressed a wish to look over the *Elena*, and nothing was too small to escape his attention. On entering the main saloon, he immediately spotted a picture of himself hanging on the wall. This picture had been presented to us before we left New York by Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood. Turning to my Mother the King said, "Who is that fellow over there? I seem to have seen him before. What do you have him up there for?" and then remarked on the fact that the picture was taken from a painting by an American lady, Miss Margaret Fitzhugh Brown. He then continued his inspection, and even examined the engine room and the forecastle with interest, asking extremely intelligent questions as he went. Finally, as he went over the ship's side, he noticed that we were flying his private signal and remarked on the courtesy.

After the King had gone, we gave some members of the Reception Committee and officers of the Club tea on board, and then went ashore to the Royal Yacht Club to see the cups. Very beautiful and impressive they were, especially the large and imposing King's Cup which we were to receive and the delightful little gold cup from the Queen which was destined for the *Nina*.

The evening of the day of the finish and the next morning were given over to a period of much needed rest. Incidentally, this was an example of the genuine tact and courtesy which so distinguishes Spanish hospitality. At home I am afraid we would immediately have proceeded to kill our guests with kindness. Our hosts at Santander, on the other

hand, appreciated that we were exhausted after the strain of sixteen days of racing, and left us to ourselves. We started to make up some of the sleep we had lost, after the ladies of the party had unpacked clothes from suitcases and sent their best bibs and tuckers to be pressed. I managed to get in a delightful swim on one of the beautiful beaches near Santander, although I arrived in the early afternoon, a time no Spaniard, apparently, would think of going in swimming, and had to tell the manager of the bath house that I had come all the way from America simply for this treat, in order to obtain as a special concession the permission to go in. It was well worth the effort, however, for the water was deliciously cool and blue, and the coast extraordinarily picturesque.

It would be difficult, in fact, to imagine a more beautiful coast than the North of Spain, marked as it is by rugged cliffs interspersed with sandy beaches. In some ways it is reminiscent of Newport, although the mountains around Santander are much higher. The harbor of Santander has on one side the town of Santander and on the other a range of misty blue mountains. The water is deep blue and the air so clear that the general effect is very much like the best parts of the French Riviera, or even more beautiful. The harbor was full of yachts, and, besides this, French battleships—the French fleet was paying an official visit—kept arriving all day and anchoring near us. Occasionally one of them would fire a salute, and the others would immediately follow suit, making the harbor re-echo with the deafening noise. One of the most interesting sights was to see the six, eight and ten metre boats racing in the harbor. The King owns an eight metre which he races himself almost every day, and the very first morning we saw his

The King Comes Aboard the *Elena*

boat come in ahead, heeled over gracefully in a strong breeze. Crowds two and three deep lined the shore all day, and I became really concerned for fear the people never got any sleep or had time for their meals, but I was assured that there is nothing a Spanish town likes better than to watch excitement of any kind, and, as fast as one man went away, another took his place.

During the afternoon there was a bull fight in the town; but our family felt sure that we were not educated up to it, so we omitted it. We were the guests of Admiral Burrage, however, on the *Detroit* for tea, and he made an ideal interpreter of the mysteries of a battleship. It was my first visit to one, and I found it extremely interesting and a great contrast to the *Elena*. For instance, I could easily see that the mooring of the *Detroit* from her bridge would be quite a different problem from mooring the *Elena*.

Shortly before dark the *Atlantic* arrived and, after a cordial welcome, took her place in the harbor. She is an extremely graceful boat at all times, and she looked unusually beautiful as she swept in among the other boats.

We entertained Mr. Paul Hammond and his crew of the *Nina* at dinner on the *Elena*. There were nine of them, not counting their one paid hand. They were bursting with enthusiasm about the trip, and told us all the harrowing details. Judging by their account, we gathered that we had been living in the lap of luxury. They slept on pipe berths which were adjusted until they were level by regulating the length of rope from the ceiling; but if the *Nina* went about suddenly in the middle of the night, there was nothing to do but to resign yourself to being hurled across the boat into your neighbor's berth. They had an endless number of extra sails, and these were stored all over the boat, so that

they walked on sails, sat on sails, ate on sails and slept on sails. There seemed to be a general feeling that if they should be shipwrecked, their lot would not be particularly hard, for all they would have to do would be to inflate the sails, waterproofed as they were with kerosene and grease, as a raft, and then float away over the billows, while they sustained life on the jam and other remnants of food which had been spilled on the sails during the course of the trip. They had been living exclusively on canned goods, except for three crates of oranges, which were not only a pleasant treat, but also helped to conserve the water supply by moderating thirst. The *Elena* had seemed quite small enough to me when we were in the middle of the Atlantic, but when we heard the experiences of the crew on board the fifty-nine foot *Nina*, we were filled with admiration for their pluck and endurance. At one time the weather was so bad that they were obliged to heave to for a few hours, until the wind moderated. The thing that seemed to impress them most about our trip was that not once had we reefed or taken down the mainsail, foresail, staysail or jib. This seemed incredible to them after their own experience.

While we were eating dinner, word came that the *Mohawk*, owned by Mr. Dudley Wolfe, was coming in. We immediately rushed up on deck in time to cheer wildly while she came to anchor not far from us. Although the *Mohawk* finished second in the smaller class, the *Pinta*, belonging to Mr. W. J. Curtis, which did not come in until about noon the next day, ranked second, owing to her time allowance.

The next six days were full indeed. In fact, during our entire stay we were lavishly entertained in a way which far surpassed our wildest expectations. Interesting excursions

were planned to enable us to see the beauties of the country around Santander; dinners, luncheons, teas, receptions and balls were held in our honor. And everywhere we were treated to a cordial hospitality which can only be indicated, but will never be forgotten. Very little time was allowed in which we could reciprocate,—perhaps another evidence of true Spanish tact, for the limitations of a yacht would have made it difficult to return such boundless hospitality.

Incidentally, we were soon introduced to the Spanish custom of keeping late hours. The Skipper, whose habit it is to retire punctually at half past nine,—except when sailing an Ocean Race,—found it a decided shock to learn that the fashionable hour for dinner in Spain is ten o'clock. The balls begin at eleven and continue until early morning. It is difficult to understand how the Spaniards survive this system, but, of course, the explanation is that they sleep very late and take a siesta after lunch. At any rate, it is a national custom to turn night into day, and no wonder,—when their nights are so beautiful and so deliciously cool.

Early in our stay we entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harris Square and Mr. Bates, the British Vice-Consul, on board the *Elena* at dinner. They were all extremely helpful to us throughout our visit,—in fact, it would be difficult to imagine what we would have done without their guidance and endless kindnesses to us.

One of the most interesting events of the first few days was a reception at the Town Hall in honor of the American Yachtsmen, when we were welcomed by the Mayor of Santander, Don Fernando Barreda, and other dignitaries. After speeches had been exchanged by the Mayor and the Skipper, and enormous bunches of flowers had been presented to the ladies,

Primo De Rivera, the Prime Minister of Spain, entered the room where we were all gathered. The Premier is an able and diplomatic gentleman, the secret of whose popularity is evidently a combination of both ability and wit. He took his place behind the desk at the head of the room, and we all became perfectly quiet in anticipation of the speech he was expected to make. Instead of beginning, however, he looked slowly around the room and everyone began to wonder what was the matter and what he could be looking for. Suddenly, he left his position behind the desk and strode over in my direction. I was as mystified as anyone else, until he bent over and picked up my handkerchief which I had unconsciously dropped, and presented it to me with a gracious bow. While I thanked him and blushed all colors of the rainbow, a ripple of appreciation and applause passed over the audience, followed by loud applause. We were afterwards told that the Premier is noted for his gallantry and that this gesture of his was a typical one. He returned to his post and made a short but eloquent speech which was translated to us, after which we were treated to an elaborate collation.

In the evening we attended an event which was extraordinarily interesting to me, and quite different from anything else of the kind I had ever seen. It was a dance held at the Tennis Club adjoining the grounds of the Royal Palace. The situation of the Club was beautiful in itself, and at night, when it was gayly decorated with colored streamers and Japanese lanterns, it made a fitting background for a unique occasion. The women wore magnificent Spanish shawls which they draped in a way which must be a national inheritance, for I have never seen it done so gracefully or so naturally anywhere else; and many

of them still have beautiful Spanish combs, although since the introduction of bobbed hair, the wearing of these combs has become a fearful and wonderful art which an outsider is incapable of understanding. Many ladies wore a native costume in bright colors, consisting of a tight bodice and a full, ruffled skirt; over their shoulders they draped a small, three-cornered shawl, as distinguished from the large, voluminous shawl which is worn with regulation evening dress.

Every man who amounts to anything in Spain has a uniform of some sort, and he is usually laden down with a large assortment of medals ranged across his breast. I have never seen such resplendent red trousers, or so much purple, silver and gold as there was at the dance at the Tennis Club. Swords were much in evidence, but the most astonishing effect of all was made by the curious enormous gold keys worn at the waist by the gentlemen of the King's bed-chamber. These keys, like most of the unusual features of the Spanish Court, have an interesting history. They date back to the time when, long ago, a King of Spain created the order of the keys, which was awarded to those gentlemen whom he felt sure he could trust with a key to his bed-chamber without fear of their murdering him. The original significance is entirely lost, but the keys are still awarded to his trusted friends.

The etiquette of the occasion was extremely interesting. No entertainment can begin until the King and Queen arrive, so that, although all the other guests were present, there was no dancing while we were waiting. When Their Majesties were about to enter, everyone stood up and formed an aisle down which they were to pass. Music began to play and they walked in slowly, the King first,

then the Queen, followed by Prince Jaime, the Infantas and other distinguished members of the Court. The King stopped now and then to pick someone out in the audience and speak a few words to him, and as soon as he had moved on, the person to whom he had spoken was surrounded by people eager to hear what the King had said. Miss Walters and I were in the first row, and were watching eagerly to catch a glimpse of the King, whom we had only seen once before. When he reached the point at which we were standing, he looked keenly at us, and then came up to and shook hands with us, calling us both by name. He then proceeded to talk to us and asked us how we were enjoying our visit, and concluded by turning to me and saying, "I understand your father is going to Cowes." When I answered that this was true, he said that I must be sure to tell him that, if he won any races there, he was to telegraph the King. After this he continued his progress up the aisle, leaving us astonished that he had recognized us again, when he had only seen us once before, and then only in sports costumes and hats. Later we learned that his aptitude for remembering names and faces is extraordinary. The Queen followed close behind him and we had an opportunity to see this famous lady whose reputation for beauty is international. She is very fair, and looked her part in a beautiful black dress covered with twinkling jet beads. The two Infantas were with her, splendid young ladies glowing with health and vigor.

Now that the Royal family was present, the entertainment proceeded. There was dancing both inside the Club and outdoors, though the latter was more pleasant. There were two bands playing, one the band from the U. S. S. *Detroit* and the other a Spanish band. We were amused to

notice that the American music, was, if anything, the more popular, and that the Queen, who is an enthusiastic and graceful dancer, preferred it also. The band leader was a great favorite, and only a year ago the Queen had presented him with a jeweled baton marked with the monogram of the King and Queen. We were, however, somewhat at a loss to understand why such American outbursts as "I scream; you scream; we all scream for ice cream"; even though played by the excellent band of the *Detroit*, should hold its own against Spanish music. However, the whole effect was unique and it will be a long time before I forget that night, with a riot of color surging on the dance floor, music drifting out to the dancers and the Japanese lanterns bobbing in the breeze.

The next day was devoted to an all-day excursion to the Caves of Altamira and the town of Santillana. Four large busses were filled with people and we set out about eleven o'clock. It was my first visit to rural Spain, and I was intensely interested in the quaint little villages through which we passed and especially in the little donkeys which the peasants use as their beasts of burden; in fact, I found it very difficult to maintain a decorous gravity when we encountered an old lady who had piled a load of vegetables and firewood on her donkey, then climbed on top herself and capped the climax by raising her umbrella as a sunshade. It was noticeable, however, that in spite of all these picturesque features, modern conditions are gradually taking their place. The roads, in particular, are now excellent for motoring. The King himself is reported to have said in answer to a query as to the condition of the roads, "They are excellent; I am a ferocious driver myself, and if they had not been good, I should have been killed long ago."

The Caves themselves are fascinating. They contain one room where the ceiling of the cave is covered with prehistoric drawings of animals, the reddish color of which still remain. Archæologists are agreed that these drawings date back at least fifteen thousand years, and yet the color is fresh and the drawings are clear today. Although deer and wild boar can be found, buffalo are the animals which predominate. There are many different poses; in one, the beast is crouched down as though asleep, and in another he is charging, head up and tail streaming. Most interesting of all to me was the fact that the artist or artists of these drawings used the contour of the roof to advantage, so that the buffalo's hump sticks out as though the drawing were a bas-relief.

When we had visited the Caves and the little museum nearby where the bones and implements found in the Caves are exhibited, including the shells which the prehistoric men used as paint pots, we motored to the little town of Santillana. When I read the old novel of *Gil Blas* in one of my French courses some years ago, it never occurred to me that I should ever visit the birth place of Gil Blas de Santillana, but here it was. Even the inn where he is supposed to have eaten is still there,—in fact, we had our lunch in it, on a huge table set up in a big room whose beamed ceiling must have looked old to Gil Blas. The town itself is fascinating, with its quaint houses and streets, its beautiful old church, the Merino Tower built for defense in the Middle Ages and the interesting fifteenth century House of the Borgias, the last of which we especially enjoyed under the guidance of the Countess de Baldecia. We also had the privilege of visiting the Marquies de Benamejis in his home, which is full of valuable art treasures. His

examples of cut-paper work probably surpass anything else of the kind in the world and his library is priceless.

On our return to Santander, we stopped for tea at the Oyambre Golf Club, which is situated on a hill where it has a delightful view of the sea and a white beach below. On this beach the Spaniards often race sailing boats mounted on wheels,—a sport which must be decidedly exciting when the wind is high and the boats get up speed on the long, hard, sandy stretch of the beach. The Premier arrived in time to take tea with the yachtsmen, and proved to be his usual delightful self. When some young ladies told him that they were anxious to have their picture taken with him, he assented but remarked that it would be "an old portrait in a new frame." Shortly after this, we invited him to come with his two daughters and the Count and Countess Pelayo, the lady with whom they were staying, and have luncheon with us on the *Elena.* He accepted cordially, and it was arranged that he should come on Monday.

On our way back from Santander, we were much interested in what struck us as being an uncommon incident. The bus was full of Spaniards, among whom was a young poet, who had recently been awarded a prize for some of his work. He was welcomed enthusiastically by the other occupants of the bus, and encouraged to recite his poems; this he did, lingering over the liquid o's and a's which are so frequent in Spanish. At the close of each selection he was applauded by clapping and loud bravos. We tried to picture such a delightful incident in the United States and failed.

It was during this day that the *Zodiac* crossed the finish line. The King, with his usual enthusiasm, went out to meet her, taking with him all the mail which was waiting

for her. As he came on board, he held out the letters and said, with his usual humorous touch, "I am the postman!"

With the arrival of the *Zodiac*, all the yachts were in, with the exception of the *Azara*. She did not reach Santander until after we had left, and some anxiety was felt about her safety; but when she finally arrived, she reported a series of calms which had prevented her making better time. In addition to this she was undoubtedy handicapped by her reduced rig, which allowed her no topsails.

On the evening of the day we took the excursion to Santillana came the ball at the Royal Palace. This was the first time I had ever been inside of a royal palace except in the rôle of tourist, guided through the state apartments by a bored attendant who was anxious to get away to his lunch, tea or dinner, as the case might be, and I was very much thrilled when we rode up to the palace gates and were admitted. The situation of the palace is very fine; one of the finest in the world, for it stands on a rocky point, overlooking the sea on one side and the harbor on the other. Nearby are the polo field and the Tennis Club. The palace was the gift of the town of Santander to the King as a private citizen, so that the property belongs to him and not to the crown. He spends his winters in Madrid, his springs in Seville, and then six weeks at Santander each year. After this he goes to San Sebastian for a couple of weeks, spends some time in shooting on some of his estates, then goes back to Madrid again. The palace at Santander is a favorite both with him and the Queen, and it is easy to understand why when one has seen it. It is built in the English style as a compliment to the Queen and is extremely comfortable and homelike, with broad verandas and terraces, luxurious state apartments and a beautiful ball room.

The order of procedure was the same in this case as it had been at the Tennis Club; the ball did not begin until the Royal family had arrived. This time, however, they came out into the hall where we were waiting, and passed around among the guests, shaking hands with most of them and occasionally speaking a few words to one favored person or another. The ball which followed was very splendid, and refreshments were served in a great room lined with hundreds of cups which the King has won in all kinds of sporting competitions. Besides being an accomplished yachtsman, he is a good polo player and an excellent shot. Indeed, he excels in all athletic and hunting activities. At two o'clock the royal family closed the proceedings by taking their departure, first passing through the lines of guests who had assembled to see them leave. Then, while we were all still watching, they passed up the broad flight of stairs leading to the upper floor and disappeared.

During these festivities, the *Elena* was undergoing some alterations. Before leaving New York, the Skipper had shipped to Spain the *Elena's* racing boom, bowsprit and mainsail, as well as her motor launch. These had arrived at Santander with invoices marked "King's Race; Duty Free,"—a courtesy most appealing to the American who is used to a different sort of custom's inspection—and while we were being entertained, the *Elena* had been taken in to shore and moored to a quay, in order that this usual racing rig might be substituted for the reduced rig which we had carried across the Atlantic. While we lay by the quay, an amusing situation was created, for crowds stood there all day and, as far as I could see, all night, watching us. When I remarked on it to the Skipper, he told me that I was now getting some insight into the life of a goldfish. The crowds

were very quiet and well-behaved; but there they stood, four deep, watching every move on our part. On deck it was impossible to brush Nip and Tuck or even to use one's pocket handkerchief without feeling that at least two thousand eyes were rivetted on your action. It is undoubtedly true that there are drawbacks to being in the public eye. After the exchange of spars, we were towed out and again anchored off the Yacht Club, and life resumed something of its usual seclusion.

Our sojourn next the quay, while it lasted, afforded an excellent opportunity for our sailors to go ashore and celebrate, as there was no adequate way to prevent them from stepping off on the dock. The worst of the problem was that the Spaniards, being such a hospitable people, all wished to treat the crew of the winning boat, with the unfortunate result that the men arrived back on board at unheard-of hours and in all the stages of intoxication. We had already sent one-third of our sailors back to America as soon as we arrived. Under the American law, we were responsible, of course, for returning each man to his native shores, so an escort of two, consisting of Mr. McGreevy and Mr. Wilkinson, had been sent with them to chaperone them to Cherbourg and see them on the steamer before they paid them their wages. The departure of thirteen men relieved the situation somewhat, but the offenses made up in quality for their lack in quantity.

It was an excellent opportunity to get some insight into human nature. Take, for example, the case of "Chips," the carpenter with a curl on his forehead, who had appeared so harmless and insignificant on the trip across and had been so concerned because Nip and Tuck were "yealous." He now took the occasion to get crazy drunk when he went

ashore; in fact he later elaborately developed this feature of his character in every port. After we got to England he disappeared ashore twice in succession for the same purpose, and when he started to come out to the *Elena* the second time, he did not let the fact that there was no boat to take him disconcert him in the least, but jumped into the water with some muddle-headed intention of swimming, an obvious absurdity in the half mile of rushing tidal water off Cowes. He was rescued by a boat from the English battleship *Rodney*, which brought him to the *Elena* and dumped him on board with the remark "Here's some of your American scum!"—a remark which, under the circumstances, we thoroughly appreciated and with which we were entirely in accord. But even this cold ducking did not down the carpenter. It appeared that he had spent his time on shore in getting married, and that afterwards he had taken his wife to a dance, where one of our sailors had danced with her. This had made "Chips" furiously "yealous,"—and he now took the opportunity of going below and operating on his offending shipmate with a knife. Before he could be forcibly stopped, he had been quite successful in his efforts and had done some serious damage to the man's hand. We came to the conclusion that the carpenter was like the "little girl who had a little curl that hung right down in the middle of her forehead,"—when he was good he was very, very good, but when he was bad he was horrid. This was the sort of thing with which we had to deal in foreign ports, and we lived in continual anticipation of some new and even more harrowing development. The handling of a lot of seamen who have been shut up for sixteen days in the narrow quarters of a forecastle was no small problem and occasionally it was solved by an order

from the Skipper shutting off shore leaves. On one occasion I saw him go through the forward quarters and personally direct a search which ended in his throwing overboard a suitcase full of assorted liquors. The character of our scratch crew recruited in the middle of the night before we sailed, naturally tended to increase our difficulties.

Sunday went by without any difficulties of the kind, however. We went first to the Yacht Club where the presentation of the prizes took place. The Queen presented the prizes awarded to each boat, and the Skipper became the proud possessor of the King's Cup. When it was handed to him, the King, who was standing near the Queen, in humorous vein asked him in a voice just inaudible to those standing around, "Is it big enough?" As the cup stands some three feet high, the Skipper replied that it easily met all requirements! It was a great moment when we realized that the trophy was really ours. The room was jammed with people, as well as the verandah outside, and they all applauded wildly, after giving a hearty cheer for the King and Queen, and another for America and Spain.

The American Ambassador, Mr. Ogden Hammond, and his wife came aboard to luncheon. Once again we were harrowed for fear something would go wrong with our domestic arrangements, but the nourishment appeared just as it was ordered, and all went well. Some of the officers from the *Detroit* came to tea, after which we prepared for the dinner to be given at the Hotel Real that night in honor of the yachtsmen. This afforded another illustration of the royal tact; for, at a sumptuous banquet attended by the Royal Family, the Premier, the American ambassador and his wife, Admiral Burrage, and many of the Spanish nobility, my mother was chosen to sit on the King's left. It appears

that this was a complete reversal of the usual etiquette, for the ranking lady—in this case the American Ambassador's wife—sits on the King's right and the Infanta on his left. A special exception was made, therefore, for my mother. During the course of the meal the King good naturedly autographed menus and passed them on to the Queen for her to add her signature. The Duke of Santona made a short speech of very cordial welcome to the American yachtsmen at the close of the banquet, and autographed pictures of the King were given to the owner of each yacht. Afterwards the party went on to a ball being given on board the Spanish Ship the *Reina Christina.*

The next morning the Cup had arrived on the *Elena* and been given the place of honor in the main saloon, and we proceeded to hold open house for anyone who wished to look over the boat. Throngs of people arrived all morning and inspected the yacht from bow to stern, and we were very much interested in their reactions, especially to the swinging table and the grab rails. When they had all gone we prepared to receive the Premier and his party, who were to come to luncheon.

This day was destined to be the one on which all the evil tendencies of the crew asserted themselves. To begin with, we had started badly because our butler, who had come on board when we arrived at Santander to help us with the entertaining of guests, had fallen down the companion steps a few days before and sprained his ankle. Under the skilled care of Doctor O'Malley of the *Detroit*, who very kindly came to our assistance, he was progressing nicely but had been peremptorily forbidden to put any weight on his foot. We were, therefore, dependent on the first steward for table service. We went out to learn how the preparations were

progressing; it was then eleven o'clock and the luncheon was to come at two o'clock. This inquiry brought to light the startling fact that the first steward had retired to his bunk to sleep off the effects of a spree on shore, and was in a drunken stupor from which he could not be roused. Deprived of the butler and the first steward, we dashed to the chef to learn how he was bearing up. He greeted us with the question, "Anybody having lunch here today?" It then dawned on our horrified minds that the first steward had been so drunk that he had never told the chef that we were giving a luncheon on board, and we gasped, "Yes, the Premier's coming."

The picture was now complete—no waiters, and the lunch not even started. The chef rose to the crisis in his usual competent style, and began grabbing provisions out of the refrigerator. We were then confronted with the problem of how to get someone to wait on table. Miss Walters and I considered very seriously disguising ourselves as waitresses, but from what we knew of the Premier we were sure that he would spot us at once, so the idea was rejected. Finally, by hunting around on shore we got a waiter from the Yacht Club, whom they seemed to think they could spare. We had no idea of whether he was any good or not, and moreover, he spoke no language but Spanish. We tried everything from Italian and French through Greek and Latin, but unfortunately he did not respond, and no one of us knew Spanish. We resorted to the English-Spanish dictionary in order to tell him what there was to be for lunch, and he seemed to grasp our translation. By this time, however, the Yacht Club had repented that they had let us have him, and they sent out a message to the effect that they were short-handed and had

to have him back. Under the circumstances I am *sure* the reader will agree that we were justified in refusing to let him go. The matter was simplified by the fact that the linguistic difficulties involved made it impossible to tell him that he was wanted by the Club, so that he was blissfully ignorant that a battle was being fought over him. Thus we retained him for the luncheon.

Finally the Premier, his two daughters and the Count and Countess Pelayo arrived and we sat down to luncheon, feeling rather as though we were sitting on a volcano. No matter what happened we could do nothing about it; if the waiter served the dessert first and the soup afterwards, we had to accept it and look as if that was the way we did things in America. Fortunately, he turned out to be highly efficient, and everything went beautifully until the time came for the ice cream. Instead of serving it, he brought the fruit. We looked at each other in mingled horror and amusement but there was nothing to do but accept it as though everything was going according to the original plan. Afterwards we went up on deck to have our coffee and then, lo and behold! along came the ice cream with the coffee. To this day we do not know whether he was following the usual Spanish plan or whether the Premier now serves the fruit first and the ice afterwards when he wants to give a luncheon à la Americaine.

In spite of the fact that the Premier does not speak English, he was an ideal guest. The Countess translated for him, and both of his charming daughters—they are about my age—spoke English, and then there was always French to resort to, a language which the Premier speaks admirably. The Skipper complimented the Premier on the extraordinary improvement in the roads in Spain, and also

spoke of his services in promoting good order in the city of Barcelona; he even went so far as to ask him when he was coming over to do the same thing to Chicago, which, as everyone knows, certainly needs attention more than Barcelona. This seemed to please the General, and there was no doubt at all that he knew all about Chicago. Before his launch came alongside to take him ashore, he had been so friendly and had put us so much at our ease that we told him the story of our attempts to get a luncheon ready for him to eat. He was greatly entertained, and talked to our Spanish waiter in an easy pleasant manner which showed very clearly why he is such a favorite with the people of Spain.

That evening we were expecting to entertain the Spanish Reception Committee at dinner, but my father and mother were invited to a dinner at the Royal Palace, and a royal invitation, as everyone knows, releases the recipients from all other obligations. Miss Walters and I therefore acted as hostesses in their absence. It was a pleasure to have this opportunity to try to express to our Spanish hosts what a marvelous reception we felt they had given us, and how grateful we were to them for their exertions on our behalf.

Mother reported on her return from the Palace that the dinner there had been the culmination of the entire visit. Members of the royal household and the yacht owners had been present. She and the Skipper had been warned beforehand that they must on no account be late in arrival, for the King of Spain is always on time,—a fact verified by every experience during our stay. Guests at Palace functions should arrive a few minutes beforehand, for exactly at the appointed hour the doors open, the royal family appears and the procession moves to the State

The Premier Comes to Luncheon

Dining Room. This occasion was less formally conducted than the others we had attended, and the King and Queen moved about freely among the guests. The dinner was served on a table beautifully decorated with bowls of floating yellow water lilies and water lilies laid in two lines down the cloth. Mother sat next to the Duke of Alba whose beautiful gardens she had admired in Seville as a tourist.

Our visit in Santander was almost at an end, for the next morning we were to sail away on the race from Santander to Bilbao. Only one sad event had occurred during our entire stay. This was the death of poor little Tuck, who caught distemper and died after we reached Spain. Everything was done for him which could possibly help him, even to a visit from the King's veterinary, who took him away to the royal stables where he could be better cared for. But it was all in vain, and he was accorded burial in the royal gardens, though I doubt whether he appreciated the honor.

The next morning we left for Bilbao. We shall never forget our happy experiences at Santander, and it was with sincere regret that we left the harbor, dipping the Stars and Stripes at our stern as we sailed away. Moreover, our last impression was in accord with the first,—that is, true and regal courtesy; for the flag on the Royal Palace was lowered to salute us on our departure.

CHAPTER III

THE RACE TO BILBAO

THE race to Bilbao was a particularly interesting event because, for the first time, we came into competition with a Spanish yacht. In the class made up of the larger yachts there were two besides ourselves; one was our old rival, the *Atlantic*, and the other the *Maria del Carmen*, once the *Meteor*, formerly owned by the former German Kaiser, and now the property of Don Horacio Echevarrieta of Bilbao. The *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Mohawk* formed another class. Besides these there were many boats in other classes owned by Spaniards. The Queen was on board her ten metre and the King sailed his eight metre. On the *Atlantic* was the Infanta Maria Christina, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert.

The start for our class was the most hair-raising we have ever experienced. Totally disregarding the orders of the Regatta Committee, some tug boats,—and the manner of tug boats are the same the world over,—worked around from behind the Spanish Destroyer which marked one end of the starting line and carried the Regatta Committee, and, in an effort to get a good view of the proceedings, managed to get in the way of the *Elena* immediately after we had crossed the starting line. It is true that the position of these tugs would not have mattered had we gone directly out to sea after crossing the line, but, no sooner had the *Elena* crossed

Tuck

and started to pass to windward of the *Maria del Carmen* than the latter began to "luff us up,"—a procedure she had every right to take. In order to give her the right of way to which she was entitled we, of course, luffed too, and the first thing we knew we were running straight for two tugs and four small motor boats, with the *Guinevere* in the background. We could not go to leeward of them without colliding with the *Maria del Carmen*, nor to windward on account of the Committee boat and the other onlooking yachts. As we were moving rapidly in a good breeze, there seemed no hope of avoiding a collision. Captain Barr, who was down on the lee side and could not see anything to windward on account of the angle at which the *Elena* was heeling over, saw that we were headed straight for one tug and two little boats, and shouted to the Skipper who was at the wheel, "*Put her up, put her up!*" On the other hand, our navigator, who was on the weather side and could see nothing to leeward on account of the main boom, saw that we were going to run into another tug and two other little boats, and shouted "*Put her off!*" The Skipper saw both sides and realized that, in addition to the other complications, the *Guinevere* was directly in front of us. There was one chance, and that was that if we headed exactly in the middle, the other boats might get out of the way in time. This is precisely what happened; the boats drew slowly away, just soon enough so that we could pass through the middle, with only about ten feet to spare on each side of us. It was a very narrow squeak, but fortunately everything came out right in the end.

Our mix-up with the tugs delayed us so much that the *Maria del Carmen* had a good lead. Behind us came the *Atlantic*. We concentrated on overtaking the *Maria del*

Carmen, and, by setting the balloon jib topsail (the one which was patched with the first steward's white duck trousers), we crept up on her slowly and finally passed her. When she saw that she was losing and had no chance unless she changed her tactics, she turned and headed in for shore. Her action was so strange that at first we could not figure out what she was doing, unless she was giving up the race and heading back for Santander; but when she got near the shore and turned towards Bilbao again, it became only too obvious what she had in mind. While we were rapidly getting becalmed, she profited by her local knowledge of the wind which usually blows along the shore, and passed us as though we were standing still. It was most discouraging to see her forge ahead until she was at least four miles in the lead. The *Atlantic*, too, was picking up on us until she was almost abeam.

At this point one of our guests on board, Signor Ramon Real de Asua y Arana, an accomplished yachtsman as well as the amateur golf champion of Spain, was appealed to and saved the day by explaining to us the habits of the local wind which could usually be picked up along shore. There was some danger in heading for the shore, he explained to us, because, if one got too far in, one was likely to run into a pocket and become totally becalmed. However, we had little to lose and everything to gain, so that he strongly advised our taking the chance.

Under his directions, we headed in until gradually we began to pick up the wind. We watched carefully to be sure that we did not get far enough in to strike a pocket or far enough out to lose the wind entirely. Very soon we too were getting the same wind as the Spaniard and were making good time, doing much better than the *Atlantic*,

The *Nina*, Winner of the Queen's Cup

which had not followed our example. We pulled up on the *Maria del Carmen*, and soon passed her. It was at this time that we had the opportunity to observe that she was carrying a curious sail which was spread under the main boom in order to profit by the light wind and make use of the space between the boom and the water. Later she still further increased our lead by striking a pocket, where she remained becalmed until dusk.

We continued our progress triumphantly up the coast, feeling in much better spirits than we had a short time before. Now, although we believed firmly in the principle that a yacht race is never won until the other fellow has lost, nevertheless the immediate strain was relieved sufficiently so that we had leisure to admire the beautiful scenery, especially the mountains which in some places rise eight thousand feet from the sea. Nip undertook to entertain the company by retrieving a dog brush, and in general the nervous tension decreased.

When we had nearly covered the thirty-two miles of the course and were approaching Bilbao, we were met by numerous boats bearing enthusiastic crowds who welcomed us with much noise and waving of American flags and who escorted us across the finish line. We had won the race from Santander to Bilbao, and, as we came to anchor, the boats in the harbor saluted us and gave us three cheers. We passed the Queen in her ten metre and exchanged salutes with her, and the King sailed close by us and called over to the Skipper, "Well sailed," before he boarded the Spanish cruiser, the *Principe Alfonso*, said to be the fastest in the world, which was waiting to take him back to Santander at forty miles an hour. It was our last glimpse of him.

We were entertained at Bilbao with the same lavish hospitality with which we had been treated at Santander. Immediately after our arrival we were invited to visit the Royal Sporting Club, where we were cordially welcomed and treated to refreshments. This club is unusual in its situation, for it consists of a float anchored in the harbor. The upper deck, protected by an awning, offers a beautiful view of the bay, while reception rooms are below and the kitchens still further down in the hold. A house boat for a yacht club struck us as being interesting and appropriate.

Bilbao has a large number of persons who are keen about yachting as a sport, and we were interested to note several beautiful six metre boats at anchor near the Club. Later we learned that many of these had been designed in Spain and some of them built at Bilbao.

The next day we had lunch aboard the *Atlantic*, which afforded us an opportunity to exchange impressions on the transatlantic race, something we had been anxious to do. In addition to this, we were able to see the interior of this beautiful yacht, which is decorated and furnished most luxuriously and attractively. In fact, it became evident to us that the *Elena's* interior with its plain white painted walls, was not in the same class. In the evening there was a dinner and dance at the Club Maritimo. This was a very delightful occasion, and we were much impressed by the way in which the dance floor was arranged. It consisted of a sheet of colored glass on the lawn, and was lighted from below by electric lights. With the beautiful colors of the ladies' dresses added, the result was extraordinarily picturesque. There was also a terrace covered by the largest trellised grape-vine in captivity. After the dinner, the prizes for the race to Bilbao were awarded and we were

THE *Mohawk*
Race for the Queen's Cup

presented with a beautiful silver cup marked with the Basque coat of arms. It appears that Bilbao is in the Basque dominion, and is very proud, as well it may be, of its ancient heritage of independence.

The next day our long series of Spanish entertainments was brought to a close by a dinner and dance on the float of the Royal Sporting Club. A dance on the top deck where we could overlook the water was a fitting end to all the delightful events which had been arranged for us.

We shall never forget the beauty of the harbor of Bilbao, with the mountains surrounding it. Further up the river lies Bilbao, a thriving industrial city, noted for its iron mines, steel works and ship building. Spain is passing through a great industrial revolution, as the hundreds of miles of railroads under construction, the thousands of miles of automobile highways recently built and the progress of its industries all testify. The manufacturing activities of the City of Bilbao in the midst of a beautiful and picturesque countryside are an index of the change gradually coming over the country. Moreover, this change is observable everywhere. In the Court, though some quaint ceremonies of the Middle Ages are still continued, the atmosphere is extraordinarily progressive. Spain is fortunate in having a monarch who, with due reverence for the past, knows how to prepare for the future. He has surrounded himself with wise counsellors and able administrators, and these statesmen have brought about an era of extraordinary progress and prosperity. Undoubtedly, under the guidance of Alfonso XIII, Spain will have a future as striking as her thrilling and romantic past.

CHAPTER IV

THE *ELENA*

BEFORE we sailed from New York I was convinced that the *Elena* was gigantic in size and palatial in arrangement. Although the immensity of the Atlantic Ocean made me modify my ideas about her size, still, no one can deny that she is a magnificent and impressive sight under sail, as well as a remarkably comfortable boat on which to live.

The *Elena* is a steel two masted schooner designed and built by Herreshoff. Her overall length, measured from stem to stern, is 136 feet, 6 inches (41.53 metres) according to the Universal Rule in use in American and 135 feet (41.16 metres) according to the International Rule which has been adopted abroad. The reason for this discrepancy is that in Europe there is a strong sentiment in favor of building more seaworthy boats, and as bulwarks contribute to this end, in order to encourage their construction they are not included in the overall length. Counting her racing bowsprit and her racing boom which projects over her stern the *Elena* is 193 feet (58.54 metres) long. Some idea of the relative size of the boat will immediately be conveyed to those familiar with New York when I say that this is almost the length of an up-and-down-town city block. Her measurement on the water line is 96 feet (29.27 metres), although on the Spanish Race this was somewhat increased

by the fact that the boat was so heavily loaded that she floated much lower in the water; generally speaking, we found that four and a half tons of added weight put her down an inch. Comparison with a boat practically a sister ship, the schooner *Westward*, also built by Herreshoff, but now owned and raced in England, showed that we were at least five inches lower in the water than she was, even after the race was over and many of our provisions consumed.

Our beam is 26 feet, 8 inches (8.16 metres) and under normal conditions we draw 16 feet, 11 inches (5.15 metres). At the start of the race we drew a great deal more, however, —at least 17 feet, 11 inches (5.19 metres),—owing to the extra weight we had to carry. This draft naturally decreased by several inches as we used water, food, gasoline and other stores during the sixteen days of the trip.

The *Elena* was built to carry a centerboard, but we rejected the idea of taking it on the race because the records of the *Elena* on previous occasions showed that the centerboard was valuable only when sailing into the wind in very light airs, and then it had been lowered only eighteen inches below the keel instead of the possible eight feet which would have given her a maximum draft of twenty-five feet. We did not feel justified, therefore, in adding the weight of the board and gear when it seemed likely to be useful for so small a percentage of the time.

Wherever we went in Europe we were asked the tonnage of the boat instead of her overall length, so that, after looking blank several times when the inevitable question came "How many tons is she?" I finally learned to say glibly that she is 158 tons net and 206 tons gross; and that her Thames Measurement is 323 tons. The exact amount of lead on her keel is a secret which the designer does not

share with any one else, but it is estimated to be at least 100 tons. In addition to this, we carried in the after bilges thirteen tons of movable ballast in the form of lead pigs, so arranged as to correct any faults in the ship's trim, due to new equipment installed for the race.

One striking feature of the *Elena* is that her masts are unusually tall for her size; the result is that she looks extraordinarily impressive under her mountain of sail, and slim and graceful at any time. Her mainmast is a single stick 107 feet in length (32.6 metres) without counting the topmast; and with the club topsail or jackyard set, she towers 154 feet above the water, or approximately as high as a sixteen story building. Nor are the dimensions of her racing main boom to be sneezed at; 85 feet (25.91 metres) in length and 22 inches in diameter. It is a hollow spar, but the two masts are solid Oregon fir. The mainmast itself is 29 inches in diameter. The sail area is more than 11,000 square feet, but for the Spanish Ocean Race the mainsail was cut down by some 1100 feet.

From the plan of the boat (facing page 62) it may be seen that she has a flush deck,—no cockpit. Chairs were lashed to the hatch over the companionway, and a bench just abaft it, securely fastened down, made a good place to sit in rough weather. As the bulwarks are less than a foot high, although in the after part of the boat they are surmounted by fifteen-inch brass stanchions with cotton rope for a rail, we became adepts in the art of hanging on to the nearest object as we moved about. The deck at its lowest point was only about seven feet above the water, and when we were heeled over, the Atlantic Ocean seemed remarkably near. On sunny days we found that two air mattresses laid on the flat top of the hatch over the main saloon, with the Cape Cod dories

THE *Pinta*

Race for the Queen's Cup

nested on each side and preventing our slipping off, made a prize spot for a sunbath, and by the time we reached the end of the voyage it was only too obvious that we had made use of it. While we acquired sunburn in large patches and peeled in unexpected spots, we enjoyed the idea of how the ladies of the party would appear in evening dress at the reception festivities; and the anticipation of the event was only exceeded by the actuality. In fact, when I saw myself in evening dress for the first time after we got to Spain, I resolved that the next time I raced across the Atlantic I would wear an evening dress all the way over, so that at least the job should be complete.

The plan of the deck also shows that there were two compasses in case one should get out of kelter. Near the steering wheel stood a stationary searchlight capable of throwing a beam over a thousand feet in length to pick up a buoy, or of focusing so as to shed a flood of light on the sails when they were being adjusted at night. Besides this, of course, we had powerful portable flashlights. There were sirens in duplicate, with both automatic and at will controls for use in case of fog. Two anchors were a necessity; one weighed 895 pounds and the other 900 pounds, and both were tested for a weight of 31,000 pounds. Besides these we had a light kedge for port to port racing, for fear we should encounter an adverse tide during a calm.

Under ordinary circumstances we use an electric sail hoist; but on the Spanish Race, although we had been advised that the New York Yacht Club ruling which reads (Section 13, Rule 5), "Manual power only shall be used in handling sails," did not apply, nevertheless we decided that we would adhere to it, and so only man power was used for this purpose. The *Elena* also had electric

anchor hoists. Needless to say, the boat was not equipped with an auxiliary motor for propelling her.

We carried two patent logs in case one should get out of order and four rotators so that, if a fish should take it into his head to make a meal off of one of these, we would still have a reserve supply. Of course some sort of deep sea sounding apparatus was essential, and we used the type originated by Lord Kelvin. The running and riding lights were electric.

The plan of the saloon deck (facing page 64) shows how the living quarters were laid out. Beginning with the bow, first come the chain lockers. Abaft this is a water tight, fireproof steel bulkhead with a steel door kept closed for protection in case of collision. Next comes the forecastle which contains 19 pipe berths in which the sailors slept. There were thirty-eight men to sleep in these nineteen berths, but they were divided into two watches, the starboard or the Captain's watch and the port or the First Mate's watch, so that when one watch went on duty the incoming sailors were obliged to occupy the berths which had just been vacated. When mealtime came, tables were let down from the ceiling and the men sat around them on benches. The starboard watch breakfasted at 7:30 A.M. followed by the port watch at 8:00 A.M. In the same way, the port watch lunched at 11:30 A.M. and had supper at 5:30 P.M. while the starboard watch lunched at noon and supped at 6:00. A pot of coffee was always available on the galley stove as well as an assortment of sandwiches, so that the sailors could assuage their pangs of hunger at the change of watch. Each man had a small locker, 18 x 22 inches, which he shared with his other berth mate, and a narrow seat running along in front of his berth. Racks for

the dishes, two washstands, a sink and two toilets completed the forecastle equipment. On a stormy day when both hatches were battened down to keep out the water and nineteen men were trying to get some sleep while the boat careened wildly and stuck her nose into an occasional wave, and wet clothes, hung about everywhere to dry, waved fantastically with every lurch of the boat,—there was a general impression that the forecastle was not the pleasantest place in the world in which to live.

Abaft the forecastle were the officers' staterooms and the mess room where they ate their meals. These quarters were separated from the forecastle by a second water tight, fireproof steel bulkhead, also with a water tight door in it, but usually open. Still further astern came two more staterooms, the sail bin and the radio room. The staterooms in the officers' quarters were occupied as follows: Sailing Master by himself; First Mate and Navigator together; Chief and Assistant Engineers together; Chef and Ship's Cook together; Chief and Second Stewards together; Boatswain and Officers' Messman together; Radio operator by himself in the Radio room. The galley and the pantry occupied the remaining space forward of the owner's living quarters.

The main saloon is a large room, 13½ feet by 26 feet. On the Spanish Race, however, fully half of it was occupied by extra sails and a dog pen for Nip and Tuck, and every available corner was filled with provisions. Even the lockers under the sofas were crammed with canned goods of every description. It was in this room that we ate our meals, using for the purpose a swinging table which kept level, no matter how lively the weather was. It worked beautifully and we were grateful for one place in the boat

where we could simply set down an article and, on returning a few moments later, find it still there; but at first it must be admitted that at meals it was a little disconcerting to find the soup plate on a level with your mouth at one moment and down around your knees at the next. However, familiarity sometimes breeds facility and in time we came to consider this quite the proper thing.

The plan (facing page 64) shows the position of the owner's staterooms and bathrooms. One of the staterooms was unoccupied and was referred to as "the empty room,"—probably because it had more in it than any other spot on the boat. It was full of provisions, extra sails, sailors' uniforms and what not, all of which had a way of sliding down on the inside of the door while it was closed, and thus creating the interesting problem of how to open it.

At the foot of the companionway is a space for charts, referred to by courtesy as the chart room. This is lighted from above by a "northern" light and lined by shelves containing coastal pilots and works on navigation. Next to it was a closet filled with coats, sweaters, fisherman's shirts and sheep-lined jackets, and across from this, under the companionway stairs, was a linen closet. On the floor in front of the chart room was an enormous medicine chest.

Abaft the double stateroom came still another fireproof, water tight steel bulkhead but without a door. This in turn was forward of the lazarette, a large space extending across the full width of the ship and reaching to the stern and, at its forward end, as high as a man. In this were stored odds and ends of rigging, extra canvas and coils of hemp and wire rope.

Very interesting is the space underneath the saloon deck devoted to the engine room and storage. (See Plan facing

page 68.) The position of the water tanks is indicated by the letter "A." This was, of course, the most precious store for which we had to provide. The engine room was a fascinating spot, and one which improved one hundred per cent. in its appearance during the voyage, owing to the ministrations of the chief engineer and his assistant. When we left New York, it was completely equipped, but they were responsible for making it spectacularly neat and attractive. The work was finished off by painting the lower part buff and the upper part white, thus giving an impression of immaculate cleanliness. The floor had a metal cover. The room was ventilated by an electric fan which sucked in air through a mushroom ventilator on deck while another sucked the stale air out at the same time, expelling it on deck through another ventilator. These ventilators were so arranged that they could have been closed altogether in case of phenomenally rough weather, but fortunately this was not necessary at any time during the race. Probably we would not have adopted this method even then, for the weather would have been so bad that we would have hove to and ridden out the gale, giving up all hope of making any progress for the time being.

The amount of apparatus contained in such a small space as the engine room, 20 x 26 feet, was extraordinary. First of all there were five gas tanks; two of these contained 100 gallons each, and three had a capacity of 75 gallons each. Besides these there were four temporary extra drums, three lashed in the engine room and one on the deck above, abaft the engine room hatch. These extra drums were thrown overboard as soon as they were emptied; they each held 55 gallons. Our total gasoline capacity was, therefore, 645 gallons. The consumption of gas we found

to be very variable, depending on whether power was necessary for the wireless and the fog horn, and how much care and economy were exercised. There was, of course, a supply of lubricating oil; this amounted to 75 gallons.

Most important of all were the two Winton gas motors which drove two Westinghouse electric generators. The two sets were alike and each had a 7½ kilowatt capacity or fifteen kilowatts in all; the system was 110 volts direct. 100 cells type A4 Edison storage batteries were used. These had 150 ampere hour capacity. To this generating outfit we owed our refrigeration, our lighting, our small electric heaters in the staterooms and bathrooms and the electric fans installed throughout the boat. Also we carried an electric two burner range in case of extremely rough weather when the coal range might not have worked; but now that we know the *Elena* and her seaworthy qualities, we would omit this piece of equipment. The power for hoisting the anchor, boats and sails, and for operating the fog horn and the radio set was, of course, derived from the same source.

Two refrigerating units were carried,—one used for the small ice box and for freezing ice cubes, and one for cooling the large refrigerator in which the meat was stored. They were arranged so that each was capable of twice the refrigeration required of it, and by interconnections, one could take the whole burden if the other should be out of order. Indeed, practically all the engine room and most other equipment was in duplicate, and, had both pieces broken down, it might even have been possible to construct a working unit out of the parts that remained; at least, such was the hope.

Two bilge pumps, each capable of throwing 17 gallons

per minute against a head of 100 feet, were connected with suction pipes to the bilges under the engine room floor and under the main companionway. These also were duplicates. There were, besides these, supply pumps in duplicate for fresh water and tanks in duplicate for hot water.

It was very important to cover fire risks in the engine room, and for this purpose a Lux carbon dioxide fire extinguishing system was installed. It was operated by pulling a handle, either the one in the engine room itself or the one in the hatchway on deck. The system gave 1500 pounds pressure of carbon dioxide, and its efficacy was well tested before leaving New York by lighting two lanterns and placing one on the ceiling and one on the floor of the engine room, and then pulling the handle. Both were immediately extinguished. Besides this there were Foamite extinguishers distributed at strategic points and Pyrenes all over the boat.

The engine room also contained a switchboard, a vise, an electric drill and a work bench as well as the usual assortment of tools and materials. Two small steel screen bulkheads cut off the engine room from the rest of the boat in case of fire.

Under the after end of the forecastle and under the forward part of the officers' quarters were stored quantities of loose potatoes; these were in addition to those stored in sacks under the lounge floor. The davits for the gig were also temporarily placed here. Two and one-half tons of extra coal was stored in sacks under the companion steps and in the bilge in tight wooden bins, to prevent the escape of the coal into the bilges with the consequent clogging of the suction pipes. There was no other coal on board

except the ton stored in the regular coal bin; but this alone the chef found sufficient to last him for 18 days.

Under the lowest floor, between but below the water tanks, through trap doors too small to pass crates, hundreds of separate cans of provisions had been lowered and packed as a special reserve in case of a delayed crossing. Two of these spaces, however, had already been occupied by the pig lead ballast previously mentioned. After the trap doors had been replaced above these stores, all the space between the water tanks was tightly packed with more provisions, except where space was reserved so that the engineer could reach the valves controlling the water tanks or determine their contents by testing the petcocks.

In fact, it might well be said that, throughout the entire boat, there was not an inch of space allowed to go to waste.

CHAPTER V

GETTING READY

PREPARING the *Elena* for the crossing naturally brought to our minds interesting comparisons with Christopher Columbus's voyage to America in 1492. In fact, one of the principal things I gained from my summer experiences was a great admiration for Columbus. It was quite enough of an adventure to make the trip when we had accurate charts, a radio, lighthouses and all the possible aids to navigation, whereas he launched forth into the great unknown with very little to guide him except a compass and his faith, and no knowledge whatever of the length of his voyage or his destination. The *Elena* was somewhat larger than the *Santa Maria*, though the difference in size was slight. The chief distinction lay in the matter of build and rig, for the Spanish boat was a heavy galleon with a high stern and, of course, square rigged. Her length over all was 128 feet as compared with the *Elena's* 136 feet, but their beam was approximately the same. The *Santa Maria* carried three masts where the *Elena* had only two. The gross tonnage of Columbus's boat when fully loaded is said to have been a little over two hundred and thirty tons, or very much the same as ours. It must be borne in mind, however, that the *Santa Maria* was much the largest of the fleet, for the *Pinta's* tonnage was about fifty and the *Nina's* about forty, both comparable in size to the yachts racing for The Queen's Cup.

The *Santa Maria* was built on very different lines from the *Elena*, for she had aft a half deck and a quarter deck. She numbered fifty-two men as compared with our fifty. Some idea of the difference in the speed of the two boats may be gained from the fact that, although the *Santa Maria* travelled in the favoring trade winds, her crossing took thirty-six days to the *Elena's* sixteen.

Certain points of similarity may be observed between the two expeditions. Among these is that Columbus, like ourselves, had great difficulty in procuring a crew, in spite of the indemnity which, in his case, was offered to criminals and "broken men" if they would undertake the trip. Although most of the differences are in our favor, as in the case of our radio and chart equipment, nevertheless there is one point in which he was decidedly at an advantage; he was not obliged to prepare his expedition in such haste.

When I remember how short a time we were allowed in which to prepare for the race, I am filled with astonishment that we were ready in time. The Skipper was in Europe during the spring, and on May twenty-ninth he took the steamer for America. During the voyage home he received a radio message saying that it would be impossible to get the *Elena* ready by the start of the race on July seventh, as the foremast had just been discovered to be rotten. It takes more than this to discourage the Skipper, however, so he contented himself with sending a radio message to the effect that there was still time to proceed, but that he wished to make sure that the mainmast was in good condition. Even he was at first somewhat daunted when it was found on further investigation that the mainmast also would have to be replaced. However, between the time he landed from the steamer and the beginning of the race,

THE *Rofa*

Abandoned at sea in the race for the Queen's Cup

two new masts were cut and stepped, thanks to the prompt action of Mr. Wilkinson of the American Mast and Spar Company, and the boat completely equipped as well. If Mr. Wilkinson had not been able to procure the masts, we would still have been able to proceed, due to the generous and sportsmanlike attitude of Mr. Lambert of the *Atlantic*. He was substituting steel masts for the original wooden ones in the *Atlantic*, and he offered the old ones to the Skipper, when he heard of our misfortunes and knew that our rotten masts might prove an unsurmountable obstacle to our entering the race.

It was a busy month, and, as I look back on it, a rather feverish and harrowing one. The boat was completely re-rigged with a shorter boom and bowsprit especially for the ocean crossing, because it was felt that we might strike such rough weather that the end of the long racing boom would dip in the water as we rolled in the troughs of the heavy seas, and so endanger the safety of both spar and mast. Although we cut down our mainsail in this way, we had a sliding extension on the main boom on which we could rig a sail called the "ringtail," and thus obtain the same sail area that we originally had, if the weather should warrant its use. As a matter of fact, this innovation did not prove practicable most of the time, owing to the fact that it could be used satisfactorily only when the wind was following, and generally we were tacking down the wind, rather than running before it. Our experience on the Spanish Race led us to feel that the shorter boom was unnecessary; another time we would run the risk of being obliged to trim in the boom in case of heavy seas. This would occur so infrequently that the added speed during the rest of the time would more than compensate

for the possible loss of speed under these unusual conditions. In the event of such a gale as would dip the boom when hauled in, we would heave to or ride to a sea anchor and hope for the best.

Next to the rigging of the ship, the most important preparation for the race consisted in arrangements for our safety. A new water-tight, fireproof steel bulkhead abaft the forecastle and two steel screen bulkheads forward of and abaft the engine room were installed as described in the chapter on the arrangement of the *Elena*. These provided against dangers of collision or fire. The greatest problem was to get enough storage space to carry our fresh water supply; for if there is one anxiety on shipboard that overtops all others, it is the thought that the water tanks must be continually watched, lest the contents be used up too rapidly. There were already two large tanks in the boat, each able to hold 1100 gallons. The Skipper had two new tanks installed, each with a capacity of 700 gallons. In addition to this, there was a large drainage tank which had never been used; this we determined to devote to the storage of 700 more gallons of fresh water. These five tanks brought our total up to 4300 gallons. There were fifty of us on board, so that, at the rate of two gallons per man per day, our supply was sufficient to last us for more than six weeks. A special reserve of thirty gallons was kept in a small tank fastened in the passageway to the wireless room, near Captain Barr's stateroom. If matters got to such a state that it was necessary to dole out water by the teaspoonful, this tank would be directly under his eagle eye. All tanks were painted inside with cement paint, and each was controlled by its own valve so that it was entirely separate from all the others, in order that, if anything went

wrong with one, the contents of the others would still be left intact. So that it might be possible to ascertain at any time how much water was left, each tank had three petcocks,—one at the bottom, one in the middle and one at the top. This was the result of a sad experience which the Skipper once had on a cruise down the coast of Maine, when the tanks had theoretically been filled; what had really happened was that they had become airbound, and, when they were apparently too full to take any more water, in reality they were almost empty. The petcock system enabled the contents of each tank to be checked positively.

Besides all this water supply, under the floor of the saloon deck were stored in boxes some six hundred bottles of ginger ale and mineral water. The ginger ale was particularly popular and served to keep us from making too frequent inroads on the plain drinking water. Lastly, there were the beakers of water for the lifeboats. In spite of all these precautions, however, the water question was continually on our minds; washing was reduced to the minimum, and in the forecastle such rigid economy was practised that the mate claimed that the sailors first washed their hands and then spit on them in order to wash their faces. The practice of shaving was completely abandoned, so that, when we were a couple of days out from Spain, the men presented the appearance of a pirate band, rather than the crew of a yacht. Our planning of the water storage, however, proved adequate, for when we arrived in Spain we had at least 1400 gallons left over. This does not mean that we took too much or were too economical, for the trip might have lasted much longer. The 1400 extra gallons would have provided for twenty-six days at the rate of a gallon per man per day.

The question of what would happen if we were obliged to leave ship in the middle of the ocean either on account of fire, collision or damage during a storm, was one which always struck me as interesting. The Skipper had that contingency in mind when he ordered six Cape Cod dories to be used as lifeboats in an emergency. They were nested on the deck, three on each side, and covered over with canvas. Besides these there was already a large boat on board called the gig, so that there were seven boats for fifty people. Each boat carried a can of biscuit and a beaker which held twelve gallons of water on which to sustain life. For purposes of navigation, there were five oars (one for use in steering), a small compass, a mast and a small leg of mutton sail, a chart of the North Atlantic, a tiny sea anchor and a can for dropping oil, if the water became frightfully rough. A short canvas pup tent which could be pulled up over a small steel frame in the bow in order to protect the boat from the spray, and an electric hand torch searchlight, which ran by a spring driven dynamo instead of by battery and was moisture-proof, completed the dory equipment; but the description is very misleading, for it sounds very complete and comfortable. As a matter of fact, the boats looked so small and frail, that the idea of getting into them in the midst of a storm always struck me rather in the light of a joke, although not one in very good taste. On the yacht itself were sixty life belts and two life rings,—the latter hung on the boom crutch ready for immediate action. The rings each had a can attached which would burn with a bright light when it struck the water, so that a man overboard could, if it was dark, find the ring and himself be located. There were also three dozen Coston flares among the supplies, for use in case we wanted to burn

The "Skipper"

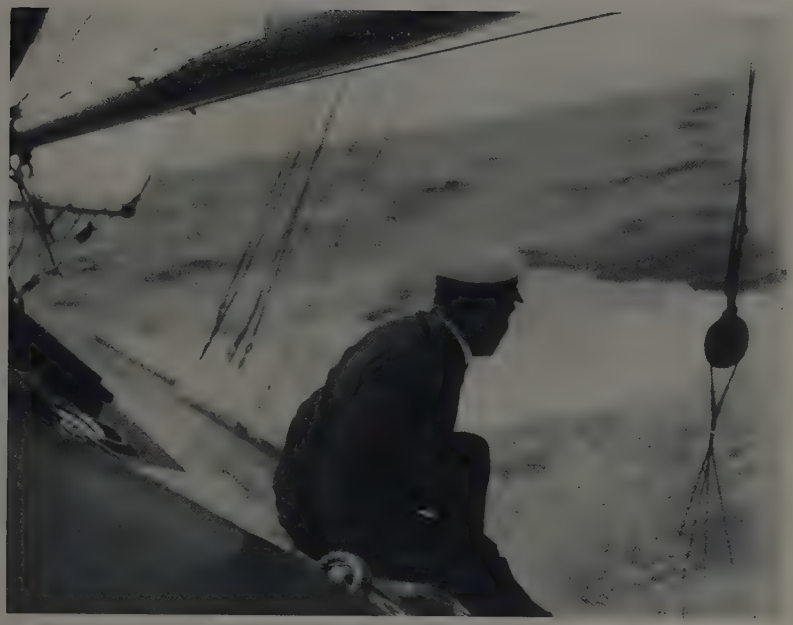
a distress signal at night, and other flares to call a pilot and to give the special signal required of us at the finish line in Spain, if we arrived off Cabo de Mayor at night.

It was preparations of this kind which made me realize what we might be heading for. Almost all my friends helped me to realize it also, for they so obviously thought that I was destined to a watery grave. I discovered that all I had to do in order to stir up a lagging conversation was to murmur abstractedly, "Yes, I expect to race to Spain this summer," and the conversation was resuscitated immediately. Some brave souls were enthusiastic, to be sure, but even they usually lost courage when they heard that there was no motor for propelling the *Elena*. The only thing that cheered most of them was to hear that we were to have a radio on board. The fact that the wind might be *dead* ahead and that we had *shrouds* on the boat proved especially depressing to some of our friends. There were moments when I felt a bit dubious about the trip myself, though it was not the same sort of thing that disturbed me. When we had arranged slats to be pulled up from the side of each berth to keep us from rolling out, grab rails along all the walls and chains to fasten down all the chairs in the dining saloon; and when we had screwed wooden covers over all the skylights with number four duck covers and battens in addition to the wood, and made sure that the water tanks were braced and riveted fast so that they would not move, "even if we turned over twice,"—in the words of the man who installed them: then I myself began to think that we had undertaken something of an adventure.

Of course the problem of what sails to take was very troublesome, on account of the amount of space they occupy. Besides the usual working sails (see sail plan facing

page 78) we carried a balloon jib topsail and a balloon main topmast staysail; the former was substituted for the jib, forestaysail and baby jib topsail when the wind was near enough abeam for it to draw well. The balloon main topmast staysail was important on account of its great drawing power; it took up the space usually occupied by the foresail and the queen staysail, and its tack over-lapped the mainsail to leeward and was held by a sheet passing through a block under the main boom. When the wind was nearly abeam but not near enough for the balloon main topmast staysail to draw, the fisherman's staysail—larger than the queen staysail—was used. We took a square sail with the idea that in a heavy following sea it would draw without danger of jibing, no matter how the boat might yaw on the tops of the sea; but we did not use it on the voyage. We would probably leave it behind another time. It had the objectionable feature that we were obliged to carry a square yard on which to rig it, and the wind resistance of this yard undoubtedly retarded our speed considerably. The ringtail and the extension to the bowsprit to balance the boat in case the ringtail was used both occupied a good deal of space which we would not have to use another time, when we would carry the full-sized boom. On the other hand, we would be sure to carry in addition a medium weight balloon main topmast staysail and balloon jib, and also an electric sewing machine to save valuable time in repairing sails. The spinnaker with its boom and the club topsail completed our assortment of sails. Though the club top-sail was useful in Spain, it, too, was not used during the ocean race.

We were afraid of running into fog, so the Skipper installed a fog horn. In fact, we ordered two which we hoped would make a noise powerful enough for the *Majestic*, and while



Captain Barr

they did not come up to this ideal, they proved strong enough to make life a burden on board while they were in use. Only one chronometer was carried, as the radio has put an end to the good old days when it was necessary to have either three or five chronometers so as to be able to determine whether any of them had gone wrong. Of course sextants and other navigating implements were carefully selected, as well as a full equipment of charts, coast pilots and radio aids.

The radio, including a 750 watt CW—ICW transmitter, was installed especially for the race. The apparatus weighed several thousand pounds, so that we wondered at the time whether it would repay us for the handicap of the extra weight; but, as a matter of fact, it proved invaluable. The range was eight hundred miles and twice as far at night. Mr. Upton, the radio operator, as the plan facing page 64 shows, slept in the same room with the instrument. We were grateful to him for the wholehearted way in which he entered into the contest, and did his best to find the whereabouts of our rivals as well as the weather conditions in the neighborhood. The Skipper had wanted to install a directional finder so that we could tell from the messages sent from other boats in what direction they were; but this apparatus, because of the constant change in magnetic conditions due to the steel wire running rigging in use in yachts nowadays, is not recommended by experts, so we finally decided to dispense with it. Some idea of our distance from a rival boat could, however, be gained by the strength of the signals, even though we could not tell her direction.

The Saturday before the start when the final rush to get the boat ready came to a climax, was harrowing to the

last degree. At the time it seemed to me that it would be utterly impossible to get everything done so that we could start on July seventh, and anyone who had seen the *Elena* would surely have shared my opinion. The floors on the saloon deck were all up, and from below came deafening sounds which proved that the men were still riveting on the water tanks. The deck was covered with rope and rigging, dories, bags of potatoes and miscellaneous stores. One side was completely occupied by the main boom which had not yet been rigged. Worst of all, the elements conspired to defeat us, and the rain came down in torrents. Awnings were rigged and electric lights installed, so that, rain or shine, day or night, the work could proceed. The Skipper, who took the day off from his business as a sort of holiday (!), was everywhere at once, encouraging each department and putting things through generally. The men who were to scrape the decks complained that they could not get to work until the decks were entirely cleared. The idea of clearing the decks was so impossible that it was positively ludicrous, and the Skipper persuaded them that, unless they wanted to go along with us to Spain, they would have to scrape a little of the deck at a time. They proceeded, therefore, clearing one spot and then covering it up while they cleared another. The Skipper then moved on to convince someone else that something which he regarded as an unsurmountable difficulty was, on the contrary, no difficulty at all. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton, and certainly the same principle applied to the Transatlantic Race. Anyone who had seen the preparation of the *Elena* for the race might have felt that the contest was won before we started, and many

of the Skipper's yachting friends have said that his winning of the race was nothing at all compared with his preparation of the boat. Even more remarkable than his feat in getting the *Elena* ready in time was the character of the work. When we sailed, everything was in place and everything well done.

At any rate, we were ready in time, and even managed to equip the boat with all sorts of things which we might have been expected to forget. A large medicine chest with all the supplies required of merchant ships by the American navigation laws was included among our stores and screwed down near the foot of the companionway. When we had added a Victrola with a full set of Spanish records, the King of Spain's private signal which we wished to fly on our arrival as a compliment to him, and a complete outfit of oilskins and rubber boots, we felt that we were prepared for any emergency. Two days before we sailed, however, the Skipper appeared one evening with a mysterious black suitcase and set it down on the table in the main saloon, saying that it was another contribution for the voyage. When the suitcase was opened, it was found to contain Nip and Tuck, both wildly enthusiastic and anxious to make themselves at home at once. We added to our stores a baby pen lined with wire which was set up in the main saloon as a home for them; the pen had on one side of it an abacus on which these well educated and much traveled dogs might have learned to count. We soon found that even more important than the abacus was a lid for the pen, as they discovered in an incredibly short time how to scramble out. But when the lid was fastened down, they retired to their baskets in admirable puppy fashion. Our preparations were now entirely complete.

CHAPTER VI

PROBLEMS IN NAVIGATION

WE discovered before we sailed for Spain that, while everyone was interested to hear that we were going, very few had the slightest conception of what the trip would be like and what the problems were that we would be obliged to confront. We gave up counting how many people asked us if we would moor at night; whether they had visions of a line of mooring dolphins extending across the Atlantic, or whether they expected us to anchor, we were never able to make out. One lady was worried for fear the boats would bump into each other at night, and, although this was an extreme instance, there were many people who wished to know whether the yachts would be in sight of each other all the way over. Another very intelligent person of our acquaintance remarked that he supposed the chief point to be borne in mind in planning our route was to sail the shortest distance possible. Such attitudes as this made us realize that only experienced yachtsmen had any conception of what our real problems were.

We were to sail over a course which in an air line by the shortest route—due East to the Grand Banks and a great circle the rest of the distance—measured three thousand and fifty-five miles. The starting line was off Sandy Hook, with the Ambrose Channel lightship at one end and the

Committee Boat, the U. S. S. *Tuka*, detailed to this duty by the Government, at the other. The finish line was formed by a line drawn North from the lighthouse on Cabo del Mayor just outside Santander on the North coast of Spain to a special buoy two miles off shore. The problems that actually confronted us, as opposed to those with which our friends credited us, were something like these: Shall we sail, as nearly as the wind will permit us, the shortest route to Spain, or would we do better to go South, and thus avoid the danger from icebergs? How great a percentage of foggy days are there on the northern route? Would we be in greater danger of meeting storms if we went North, and would this be counterbalanced by the distance gained? What about the danger of collision with steamers? The Skipper had to find an answer to these questions in order to plan our route.

The first step he took was to consult Mr. Gershom Bradford, Nautical Engineer of the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy. This step, while a wise one, was fairly obvious; in fact, it later developed that several of the other skippers had done the same. Mr. Bradford advised keeping south of the fog belt, for, besides avoiding the menace of fog, we would probably find the winds and currents equally favorable. This piece of advice we followed on the whole, especially as this course enabled us to keep away from steamer lanes, so that we were in less danger of collision and ran less risk of being reported, thus giving away our position to our opponents.

The next step was to study carefully the U. S. Hydrographic Bureau chart. A duplicate of this chart for the month of July, 1928, is shown facing page 88, and it is easily seen that it is a meaty document. The part printed is, of

course, only a section, as the chart covers the whole Atlantic Ocean. The entire area is divided into squares of 5°, and in the center of each square is a blue circle with a figure inside which represents the percentage of calms, light airs or variable winds in the district during the month of July. Using the circle as a head, there are a number of blue arrows which show the character of the winds which have prevailed in the square during the month of July over a period of many years, the arrows flying with the wind. The length of the arrows shows the number of days in a hundred that the wind has blown from or near the given direction and the number of feathers on the arrow indicates the average force of the wind according to the Beaufort scale; that is, Force 0 means a calm, with wind under two miles an hour; Force 1 to 3 means a light breeze, wind from two to twelve miles an hour; Force 4 to 5, moderate wind, thirteen to twenty-three miles; Force 6 to 7, strong wind, twenty-four to thirty-seven miles; Force 8 to 9, Gale, wind thirty-eight to fifty-five miles; Force 10 to 11, Storm, wind fifty-six to seventy-five miles; Force 12, Hurricane, wind above seventy-five miles. In each square of the chart there are also small black arrows which show the yearly average direction of the ocean currents. The important steamer routes are indicated by hyphenated black lines and the fog areas with the percentage of foggy days are enclosed by dotted blue lines. Icebergs observed in the previous month are represented by small red triangles and field ice by small black circles; drifting buoys and derelicts with the dates when they were last observed are given. A small diagram is printed on the side of the chart giving the percentage of days in July for each 5° square when the wind force exceeded eight during the last twenty years—that is, when there was

a gale in that district. A great deal of other information is included, a list of which will be found accompanying the chart.

The *Elena's* route has been shown in red on the chart; from this it may be seen that she first cleared the Nantucket lightship, then sailed to a point South of the Grand Banks and in about latitude 39°. From there, in order that, having escaped fog and ice, we might take the shortest possible course, we planned to sail on a great circle to Santander; being sure, however, to keep far enough north of Cape Finisterre to take advantage of the currents sweeping into the Bay of Biscay and to avoid the currents from the North which flow past Finisterre and down the Portuguese coast. A vessel caught in these currents would be seriously delayed; and, moreover, she would probably encounter the winds which usually blow from the North except in the time of the local Northeast wind called the "Autanblanc." If we went far enough to the North, however, even if the "Autanblanc" blew, we would still be able to fetch the finish line with one long tack, especially as the *Elena* can sail remarkably well on the wind,—that is, against it. We estimated that she could sail within four points of the wind. As there are 360° or thirty-two points in the compass, this means that there are 11¼° in each compass point, and that the *Elena* could sail within four points or 45° of the direction from which the wind was blowing. In a stiff blow, I have seen her headed even closer,—within three and one-half points. This is remarkably good for a large schooner and as good as we had hoped.

Our general plan of procedure was closely adhered to except in two particulars. In the first place, we knew that the *Elena* made better time on a jibe than when she was

running free; that is, she sailed faster when the wind was coming over her quarter than when she had a following wind almost directly astern. For this reason, even when she might have sailed with a fair wind, we decided to reach South on a jibe in order to make better time at the expense of covering a greater distance; this took us as far South as latitude 37° but the wind shifted a little and we were then able to go North in the same way on the next jibe. As we had anticipated, we profited greatly by this manœuvre; the spinnaker and squaresail which we had brought with us were not used at all, and were merely carried as a precautionary measure in case we should encounter a bad storm and find the squaresail useful in steadying the boat in following seas, or in case we should need the spinnaker in approaching the finish line, should there not be sufficient sea room to sail on a jibe.

In the second place, we found that a new element had entered into ocean yacht racing,—the radio. Each day we heard over the wireless the reports of steamers for two or three hundred miles around giving their names, positions, runs, barometer readings and weather conditions. These reports we plotted on our chart and thus knew the sort of weather we might expect to run into on the different courses open to us. This caused us to change our plans to some extent, for on one occasion the wind information obtained at noon in this way told us that, although we had started that morning on the great circle from off the Banks to Spain, we would do better to resume our former course of due East. We, therefore, changed back to our old Easterly course for a couple of days instead of following out the route originally planned.

When the race was over we had logged thirty-four

The *Elena* with Her Transatlantic Rig
Note the extensions on the boom and bowsprit

hundred and eleven miles as against the theoretically possible three thousand and fifty-five; but we had taken advantage of the best weather conditions all the way over and had, therefore, made excellent time. We felt very grateful to Mr. Bradford for his advice, and if we were starting to Spain tomorrow, we would feel no hesitation in adopting the same general methods.

INFORMATION CONTAINED IN COMPLETE HYDROGRAPHIC BUREAU CHART

Month of issue.
Date of printing.
Foundation of chart.
Explanation of symbols:
1) Derelicts and wrecks.
2) Drifting buoys.
3) Icebergs and field ice.
4) Radio stations.
5) Magnetic variation.
6) Ocean currents.
7) Storm tracks.
8) Prevailing winds and calms.
9) Scale of wind percentages.

Explanation of inset chart pertaining to normal reduced barometric pressure and normal temperature for the month.

Inset chart showing isobars and isotherms for the month; also annual rate of change in the variation of the compass.

Average conditions of wind and weather during the month.

Local weather.

U. S. storm-warning flags and explanation of use.

Storm signals for Great Britain and France.

Inset chart showing percentage of gales.

Storm tracks.

Wind roses graphically presenting average wind directions and percentages of calms and light airs.

PROBLEMS IN NAVIGATION

Lag in U. S. Naval radio time signals.
North Atlantic Lane Routes—United States.
North Atlantic Lane Routes—Canada.
Various steamer routes.
Various sailing vessel routes.
Lines of equal fog-frequency.
Current arrows.
Trade wind limits.
Compass rose (true).
Magnetic Equator.
Various drifts of derelicts and buoys.
U. S. submarine warning flag.
Communication via U. S. Coast Guard stations.
Note to observers relating to Hydrographic Office publications and blanks for reporting information.
H. O. publications obtainable at the Panama Canal.
List of Branch Hydrographic offices.
Equator crossings in the North Pacific Ocean for sailing vessels.
Sources of hydrographic and meteorological information.
Notes to observers.
Reports on currents requested.
U. S. Radio compass stations.
Note regarding percentage of fog.
Key to storm tracks.
Currents north of the Bahamas.
International Ice Patrol Service.
Note regarding extension of Guinea Current.

ON BACK OF CHART

Currents observed during July.
  Cause of currents.
  Submarine currents.
  Methods of determination.
Currents of the Atlantic Ocean.

North Equatorial Current.
South Equatorial Current.
The Gulf Stream.
Easterly or Guinea Current.
Northeast Drift Current.
Southeast Drift Current.
Explanation of Symbols.
The current rose.
Black arrows showing resultant direction of current.
Chart showing maximum drift in miles per day for every five degree square.

PILOT CHART OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN

COURSE OF THE ELENA

SPANISH OCEAN RACE - KING'S CUP

July 7-24, 1928

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS.

DERELICTS AND WRECKS.—The name of the vessel is given, if known, and the symbol in red represents the reported rig and condition at the date set opposite to the position. The successive positions in which the derelict was sighted are joined by lines of Gadsby and the corresponding dates are indicated.

DRIFTING BUOYS.—These are shown in red color. The date when sighted is also given in red.

ICEBERGS △△△ **FIELD ICE.**—These symbols with date represent ice of previous month. When numerous bergs are reported by one vessel along a given track the date and position of the first and last one only are graphically shown, and the number of bergs is written on a line joining them.

RADIO STATIONS.—Represents various governmental stations. The U. S. naval radio stations operate to various distances. Communication with most of them can be relied upon by all vessels for 100 nautical miles at least.

MAGNETIC VARIATION.—The lines of equal magnetic variation for every degree for the epoch 1925 are shown by lines of fine dots in black.

OCEAN CURRENTS.—The yearly average set of the stream and drift currents is shown by small black arrows.

STORM TRACKS.—The several red lines indicate the individual paths followed by the centers of the more severe cyclonic storms that have occurred during the corresponding month in past years. (See table in another column.) The successive positions of a storm center at Greenwich mean noon are indicated by small circles with their corresponding dates.

PREVAILING WINDS AND CALMS.—The wind rose, in blue color, in each 5-degree square shows the character of the winds that have prevailed within that square. The wind percentages north of latitude 30° are based upon eight points; south of latitude 30° upon sixteen points. The arrows fly with the wind. The length of each feather, measured from the center of the circle on the attached scale, gives the number of times in each 100 observations that the wind blows from or near the given point. The number of feathers shows the average force of the wind on the Beaufort scale. The figure in the center of the circle gives the percentage of calms, light airs, and variable winds.

FOR EXAMPLE: The attached wind rose should be read thus: In each 100 hours the wind has averaged as follows: from N. 22 hours, force 4; from NNE. 30 hours, force 3; from NW. 18 hours, force 2; calms, light airs, and variables, 30 hours.

0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
SCALE OF WIND PERCENTAGES

GALES – The figures in the center of each 5-degree square show for the month of July the percentage of days (i.e., the number of days in each hundred) upon which winds of force 8 and over have been recorded at some point within the given square during the twenty-year period 1888-1907.

FOG The dotted blue lines show the percentage of days on which fog was observed in July from 1901 to 1906, inclusive.

See "U. S. HYDROGRAPHIC BULLETIN" for fuller details relating to ice in this region

Elena

Br. Sch. Annabel Cameron

FULL AND LOW POWERED STEAMERS

WESTBOUND ROUTE FOR LOW POWERED STEAMERS

NEWFOUNDLAND

IRELAND

ENGLAND

FRANCE

SPAIN

PORTUGAL

AZORES

GULF OF MEXICO

CHAPTER VII

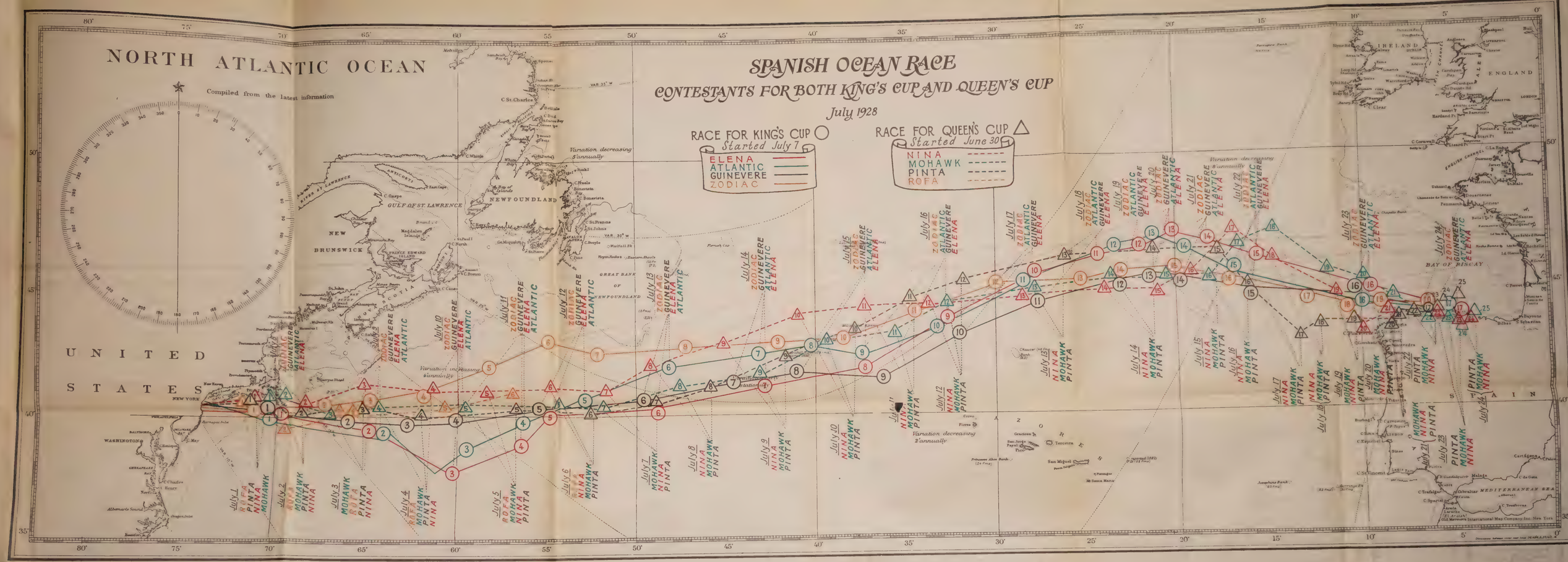
PROVISIONS

TO provision a ship for an ocean voyage is no joke, as Miss Marion Walters discovered when she started to plan what to buy for the *Elena*. There were forty-six in the crew and four persons in the owner's quarters,—this much she knew,—but the amount of time which the trip would take was an unknown quantity. The Skipper decided to provision liberally for thirty days; this would provide a starvation diet for at least sixty, in case we were becalmed in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Miss Walters' problem was still far from being simple, even after this decision had been made. She was continually being confronted with questions like this: how much sugar should you allow for a rice pudding for forty-six people? Will bread keep if wrapped in waxed paper, or must the bread for the voyage be baked on board? Should one buy old or new potatoes, and how much room will it take to store them? How much space will a thousand pounds of meat occupy?

The *Elena* had on board two electric refrigerators which revolutionized the old procedure of yacht provisioning, when only salted meat, no fresh milk and cream, and few fresh vegetables could be carried. One small refrigerator with a capacity of one hundred and twenty cubic feet stood in the pantry and was given over principally to cream,

butter and the day's supply of fresh vegetables, meat and poultry. In storing provisions in this, we found that fifty pounds of butter or cheese can be packed in one cubic foot. Below the floor of the saloon deck was the large cold storage room, filled chiefly with meat. The capacity of this refrigerator was two hundred and seventy cubic feet, and it contained among other things twelve hundred and seventy-nine pounds of meat, hung in rows on steel hooks, so that if any juice should drip to the bottom, it could be cleaned out before it would affect the meat itself. The floor sloped in such a way that the juice accumulated in one spot, from which it could easily be pumped out. Unfortunately, the man who installed the refrigeration had evidently never had any nautical experience in anything larger than his bathtub. He began by omitting to clamp down the refrigerating units, and when this was called to his attention, said that they were all right,—they were so heavy that their own weight would hold them down. A picture of the two units chasing each other around the hold while the *Elena* pitched in a rough head sea, and creating a situation analogous to the one described in Victor Hugo's *Quatre Vingt Treize* when a cannon got loose in a sailing vessel, flashed before our horrified eyes. Fortunately there was still time to remedy the situation before we sailed. It was not until we had been out at sea for five days, however, that we found out that when the boat heeled over to any great extent the large refrigerator slowly but finally refused to function, owing to the fact that in this case the float valves were installed athwart the ship, instead of fore and aft, as they were in the smaller refrigerator. This installation it was impossible to rearrange while under way, and we could not slacken speed even for a moment. The result was that


SPANISH OCEAN RACE
CONTESTANTS FOR BOTH KING'S CUP AND QUEEN'S CUP
July 1928
RACE FOR KING'S CUP ○
Started July 7
ELENA
ATLANTIC
GUINEVERE
ZODIAC
RACE FOR QUEEN'S CUP △
Started June 30
NINA
MOHAWK
PINTA
ROFA
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
Compiled from the latest information
UNITED STATES
NEW BRUNSWICK
NEWFOUNDLAND
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
GREAT BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND
IRELAND
ENGLAND
BAY OF BISCAY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Variation decreasing 5' annually
Variation increasing 6' annually
Variation decreasing 2' annually
July 1 ROFA PINTA NINA MOHAWK
July 2 MOHAWK PINTA NINA
July 3 MOHAWK ROFA PINTA NINA
July 4 MOHAWK PINTA NINA
July 5 ROFA MOHAWK NINA PINTA
July 6 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 7 MOHAWK NINA PINTA
July 8 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 9 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 10 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 11 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 12 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 13 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 14 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 15 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 16 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 17 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 18 NINA MOHAWK PINTA
July 19 MOHAWK PINTA
July 20 MOHAWK PINTA
July 21 PINTA NINA
July 22 PINTA NINA
July 23 PINTA MOHAWK NINA
July 24 PINTA MOHAWK NINA
July 25 PINTA MOHAWK NINA
July 26 PINTA MOHAWK NINA
July 10 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ELENA ATLANTIC
July 11 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ELENA ATLANTIC
July 12 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ATLANTIC
July 13 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ELENA ATLANTIC
July 14 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ELENA ATLANTIC
July 15 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ATLANTIC ELENA
July 16 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ATLANTIC ELENA
July 17 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ELENA
July 18 ATLANTIC GUINEVERE ELENA
July 19 ZODIAC ATLANTIC GUINEVERE ELENA
July 20 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ELENA
July 21 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ATLANTIC ELENA
July 22 ZODIAC ATLANTIC GUINEVERE ELENA
July 23 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ATLANTIC
July 24 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ELENA
July 25 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ATLANTIC ELENA
July 26 ZODIAC GUINEVERE ATLANTIC ELENA
NEW YORK
WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE
PHILADELPHIA
C. St. Charles
C. Gaspe
C. Breton
C. Ray
C. Race
C. Spear
C. Sable
C. Henry
C. Charles
C. May
Albemarle Sound
Pamlico Sound
Bermuda
Azores
Flores
Graciosa
Terceira
San Miguel
Santa Maria
Madeira
Canary Is.
Gibraltar
C. Trafalgar
C. Spartel
C. Finisterre
C. Ortegal
C. Vilano
C. Mondego
C. Roca
C. Vincent
C. Palos
C. Tenaro
C. Matapan
C. Malea
C. Spada
C. Bonifacio
C. Corso
C. Gata
C. Sparti
C. Teulada
C. Tresforcas
Bilbao
Bayonne
C. Ortegal
C. Finisterre
C. Clear
C. Cornwall
Lizard Pt.
Start Pt.
Ushant
Cherbourg
Le Havre
Dieppe
Boulogne
Calais
Dover
Ostend
Antwerp
Rotterdam
Hamburg
Copenhagen
Malmo
Stockholm
Helsingfors
Reval
Riga
Libau
Danzig
Stettin
Rostock
Kiel
Cuxhaven
Bremerhaven
Emden
Wilhelmshaven
Hamburg
Lisbon
Cadiz
Malaga
Cartagena
Palma
Marseilles
Genoa
Leghorn
Naples
Messina
Palermo
Trieste
Venice
Ancona
Brindisi
Corfu
Piraeus
Smyrna
Constantinople
Sebastopol
Odessa
Varna
Sulina
Alexandria
Port Said
Beirut
Haifa
Jaffa
Cairo
Tripoli
Tunis
Algiers
Oran
Tangier
Casablanca
Dakar
Freetown
Monrovia
Accra
Lagos
Cape Town
Durban
Port Elizabeth
Mombasa
Aden
Bombay
Karachi
Colombo
Calcutta
Rangoon
Singapore
Hong Kong
Shanghai
Yokohama
Kobe
Nagasaki
Vladivostok
Honolulu
Pago Pago
Sydney
Melbourne
Adelaide
Perth
Wellington
Auckland
Suva
Rio de Janeiro
Santos
Montevideo
Buenos Aires
Valparaiso
Callao
Panama
Colon
Kingston
Havana
Vera Cruz
Tampico
Galveston
New Orleans
Mobile
Pensacola
Key West
Charleston
Savannah
Jacksonville
Boston
Portland
Halifax
Quebec
Montreal
Toronto
Chicago
Detroit
Cleveland
Buffalo
Pittsburgh
Cincinnati
Louisville
St. Louis
Kansas City
Omaha
Denver
Salt Lake City
Los Angeles
San Francisco
Portland
Seattle
Vancouver
Victoria
Winnipeg
Edmonton
Calgary
Regina
Saskatoon
Prince Rupert
Nome
Juneau
Ketchikan
Sitka
Anchorage

we were obliged to salt down a great deal of our meat, but if the installation had been properly made the meat would have kept perfectly for the entire voyage, and no salting down would have been necessary.

Four hundred and ten dozen eggs were carried, all of which kept in perfect condition. Most of them were in the large cold storage room; we found that one cubic foot would hold fifteen dozen eggs. Our cream was good for eleven days, after which we found Klim very satisfactory, and infinitely better than canned milk. The most astonishing thing to me was the way in which fresh fruit and vegetables stayed fresh, thanks to the refrigerators. On the seventeenth day we were eating lettuce which was as crisp and appetizing as if it had been picked from the garden that very morning. String beans and carrots lasted perfectly, and oranges and grapefruit were as good at the end of the trip as at the beginning.

Meats like ham and dried beef, of course, did not have to be kept in the refrigerator. The hams were taken out of the hold twice during the voyage in order to wipe them off and sun them. Over a ton of potatoes, some loose and some in sacks, were stored in the bilges. Old potatoes last better than new, because they are less moist and consequently less liable to mould. Flour we bought in separate half barrels, so that, if one moulded or became spoiled in some other way, it would not affect the rest of the supply. The same principle was applied in buying coffee; separate bags minimized the danger of the entire supply being spoiled through some unexpected accident. Bread might have kept longer if it had been more carefully wrapped, but it would not last more than a week at the most, and after that baking on board would have become a necessity. The

difficult problem of how many provisions can be packed into a limited amount of space was somewhat simplified when we learned from experience that forty pounds of potatoes occupied one cubic foot, whereas the same space would accommodate thirty-five pounds of bacon, nine pounds of shredded wheat or twenty pounds and ten ounces of oatmeal.

In the appendix will be found lists of the supplies bought for the trip, with the amounts given in a separate column. Groceries and non-perishable foods were ordered liberally, on the principle that any which were left over could be used later. Of course, as the voyage lasted for only seventeen days and we had prepared for thirty, much food was left when we reached Santander but this is unavoidable on a sailing yacht whose speed is dependent on the vagaries of the wind, and, with a few exceptions, the quantities were correct. Most of the provisions left over were used while we anchored off Spain, but a few were disposed of after we went to England. The amount of tea and coffee which we ordered may seem at first glance to be ridiculously large, but there is nothing like strong hot coffee or tea to put heart into a wet, tired crew. A pot of coffee was always kept hot on the galley stove, so that anyone could help himself whenever he felt the need of it. We allowed one half pound of coffee and one quarter pound of tea per week for each person. Coffee was served at meals twice a day and tea once.

We found that, by buying in wholesale quantities, we could feed the crew for the average price of eighty-seven cents a day per man. This amount enabled us to give them remarkably varied and appetizing meals, as may be seen from the menus for the crew for the first week which are

reproduced in the appendix. The cost of the owner's meals, of course, was much greater, owing to the predominance of fresh fruits and vegetables, expensive meats and table delicacies which made the meals as good as they are on any ocean liner; moreover, several hundred dollars should be deducted for special delicacies which were to be used in the entertaining of guests after we reached Spain. When the entire cost of the owner's, the guests' and the crew's meals were averaged together, however, it did not exceed two dollars a day per person.

Various miscellaneous supplies were found useful. Our bathtubs were equipped with both fresh and salt water, but of course during the ocean crossing it was necessary to use the salt, in order to economize in our use of the water supply. In this predicament we found Grandpa's Wonder Soap excellent as a salt water soap, and were filled with gratitude towards Miss Katherine Howard who suggests it in her chapter in *The Yacht Alice*. To purify the fresh water in the tanks we used one ounce of chloride to two thousand gallons of water, adding a few crystals of hyposulphate to take away the taste. No want was too minute to escape the watchful care of Miss Walters who, foreseeing the angle at which the *Elena* was likely to remain during most of the trip, even provided magnetized checkers which stuck to a steel checker board, no matter how rough the weather (Abercrombie and Fitch). Kitchen Ketch-Alls (on sale at Lewis and Conger's in New York) equipped with paper bags from the Ten Cent Store were placed near the berth when an occasional guest "sought the seclusion that a cabin grants" and proved admirable for the use of those so unfortunate as to be seasick. These receptacles could be emptied by removing the paper bags, after which new

bags could be inserted. I highly recommend pretzels and ginger ale for those who are in no condition to appreciate ordinary food. There is something plain and substantial about a pretzel which makes it possible to face it, when any other kind of nourishment is rejected with horror.

So careful and thorough had been the weeks of Miss Walters' preparation of both food for cabin and crew and comforts and necessities for the after guard, that during the Ocean Race and afterwards no article was found missing—an extraordinary record.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE RACING RULES

THE SPANISH OCEAN RACE

New York to Santander, Spain, 1928

OPEN to yachts owned by Spanish or American yachtsmen for cups to be awarded by His Majesty King Alfonso XIII and Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain.

Course:—The course is from a starting line off Sandy Hook, New York, to a finish line off Santander, Spain. All yachts must be propelled by sail alone, and those having auxiliary power must either remove their propellers or have them sealed—breakage of this seal will mean retirement from the race. In yachts whose propellers have been removed or disconnected from the engine and sealed, it will be permissible to use the engine for hoisting sails, running electric lights, etc., but no use of any power is permitted which could add in any way to the speed of the yachts. If preferred, the engine can be sealed and the propeller allowed to run idly.

Classes:—There are two classes. Yachts over 55 feet water line length, and yachts over 35 feet and under 55 feet water line length.

Program:—The small yachts are being started a week ahead of the large yachts in order to make probable the arrival of all the entrants within a few days of each other.

Following entertainment at Santander there will be a port to port race from Santander to Bilbao in which Spanish yachts will participate. A special program of the races and entertainments in Spain will be sent shortly to the entrants.

Racing Numbers:—The Spanish Ocean Race Committee will designate a number for each entrant. The numbers must be at least two feet high and securely sewed on the mainsail near the leach and above the upper row of reef points. The numbers must be provided by the entrants and it is urged that each yacht should carry her number during the entire race as an aid to identification by passing vessels. If for any reason this number cannot be displayed it shall be signalled by International Code Flags in International Code.

Equipment:—No yacht will be allowed to start unless carrying a complete cruising equipment for the safety of the vessel, which must include all of the following: two anchors; two chains or cables; two compasses and suitable binnacle, lights, lead line, charts, navigating appliances, etc.; set of International Code flags; two portable fire extinguishers, accessibly located in different parts of the vessel; one properly approved life preserver for each person on board, carried where readily accessible, together with stores and water sufficient for a period of six weeks; two large life rings, equipped with water lights, handy to the helmsman, twelve rockets or a Very pistol and six signal lights red green red. It is suggested that deflatable rubber rafts be carried as part of the life saving equipment.

Prizes:—The King Alfonso Cup will be awarded to the yacht over fifty-five feet waterline length which is the first in this class to cross the finish line, after the owner or his

representative on board throughout the race has certified in writing that all rules and regulations have been complied with, and the seals found satisfactory to the Committee.

The Queen Victoria Cup will be awarded to the yacht over thirty-five feet and under fifty-five feet waterline length, which makes the best corrected time in the race in this division, after the owner or his representative on board throughout the race has certified in writing that all rules and regulations have been complied with and the seals found satisfactory by the Spanish Committee.

Conditions for the Large Yachts:—For yachts of fifty-five feet waterline length and over, there is no time allowance and no restriction as to the number in the crew or as to professionals.

Conditions for the Smaller Yachts:—For yachts over thirty-five feet and under fifty-five feet waterline length there will be a time allowance based upon New York Yacht Club time allowance tables calculated for 3,055 miles.

COMMITTEES

SPANISH OCEAN RACE COMMITTEE

His Excellency, Alejandro Padilla y Bell, Spanish Ambassador, *Chairman*
Commodore Charles Francis Adams
Mariano de Amoedo
Commodore George Nichols
Henry Howard, *Secretary*

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE START

Gherardi Davis, *Chairman*
Clinton MacKenzie
Edmund Lang

APPENDIX

SPANISH RACE COMMITTEE AT SANTANDER, SPAIN

His Excellency Ogden H. Hammond, United States Ambassador to Spain

Presidente Exmo. Sr. Duque de Santona

Vice Presidente Exmo. Sr. D. Victoriana L. Doriga, Presidente de la F. E. de C. N.

Exmo. D. Enrique de Careaga, Vice Presidente de la F. E. de C. N.

Sr. D. Eduardo de Ubao, Secretario de la F. E. de C. N.

Sr. D. Gonsalo Delos Rios, Commandante del Real Club Maritimo

Sr. D. Javier Pena, Presidente de Real Club Nautico, San Sebastian

Sr. D. Fernando Ibarra Oriol, Delegado del Club Maritimo del Abra, Bilbao

Sr. D. Juan C. Olaso, Delegado del Club Nautico, de Bilbao

Sr. D. Rafael de Zubiria, Delegado del Club Maritimo del Abra, Bilbao

Sr. D. Victor de la Colina, Delegado del Real Club de Ragatas, de Santander

Sr. D. Walter Meade, Delegado del Real Club Maritimo, de Santander

Sr. D. Jesus Aguiar, Commandante de Marina de Santander

Sr. D. Modesto Pineiro, Presidente de la Junta del Puerto de Santander

PARTICIPANTS IN SPANISH OCEAN RACE, 1928

	DATE BUILT	WATER-LINE	OVER-ALL	BEAM	DESIGNER	OWNER
			Larger Yachts			
Elena	1911	96′	136′ 6″	26′ 8″	Herreshoff	William B. Bell

APPENDIX

Atlantic 1903	134′	185′	29′ 6″	Gardner and Cox	Gerard B. Lambert
Guinevere 1921	150′	195′	32′ 6″	A. L. Swasey	Edgar F. Palmer
Zodiac 1924	98′ 6″	126′ 10″	25′ 2″	William H. Hand, Jr.	John S. Johnson Robert W. Johnson
Azara 1904	85′	113′	21′	Cary Smith & Barbey	Frank E. Baker George J. Baker
			Smaller Yachts		
Nina 1928	50′	59′	10′	Burgess & Morgan	Paul Hammond
Pinta 1926	42′ 5″	57′ 8″	14′ 5″	John G. Alden	William J. Curtis
Mohawk 1928	45′ 6″	59′ 11″	14′ 5″	John G. Alden	Dudley F. Wolfe
Rofa 1926	39′	50′	13′ 7″	Herreshoff	William Roos

No specific information could be obtained about the course of the Azara, *owing to the fact that she is now on a World Cruise.*

YACHT ELENA

List of the Crew

Sailing Master	J. M. Barr	Greenport, N. Y.
First Mate	W. Logan	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Navigator	O. Berg	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Boatswain	W. Christiansen	Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chief Engineer	E. Carlson	Jacksonville, Fla.
Assistant Engineer	W. Reinke	Greenport, N. Y.
Radio Operator	K. E. Upton	New York, N. Y.
Chief Steward	—	—
"Second Second Steward"	C. Conrad	Lake Placid, Fla.
Chef	H. Bircham	New York, N. Y.
Ship's Cook	L. Cleveland	Kingston, Pa.
Crew's Messman		
Officers' Messman		
Ship's Carpenter		
4 Quartermasters		
28 Sailors		

AMATEURS ON BOARD THE LARGE YACHTS

AMATEURS ON BOARD THE ELENA

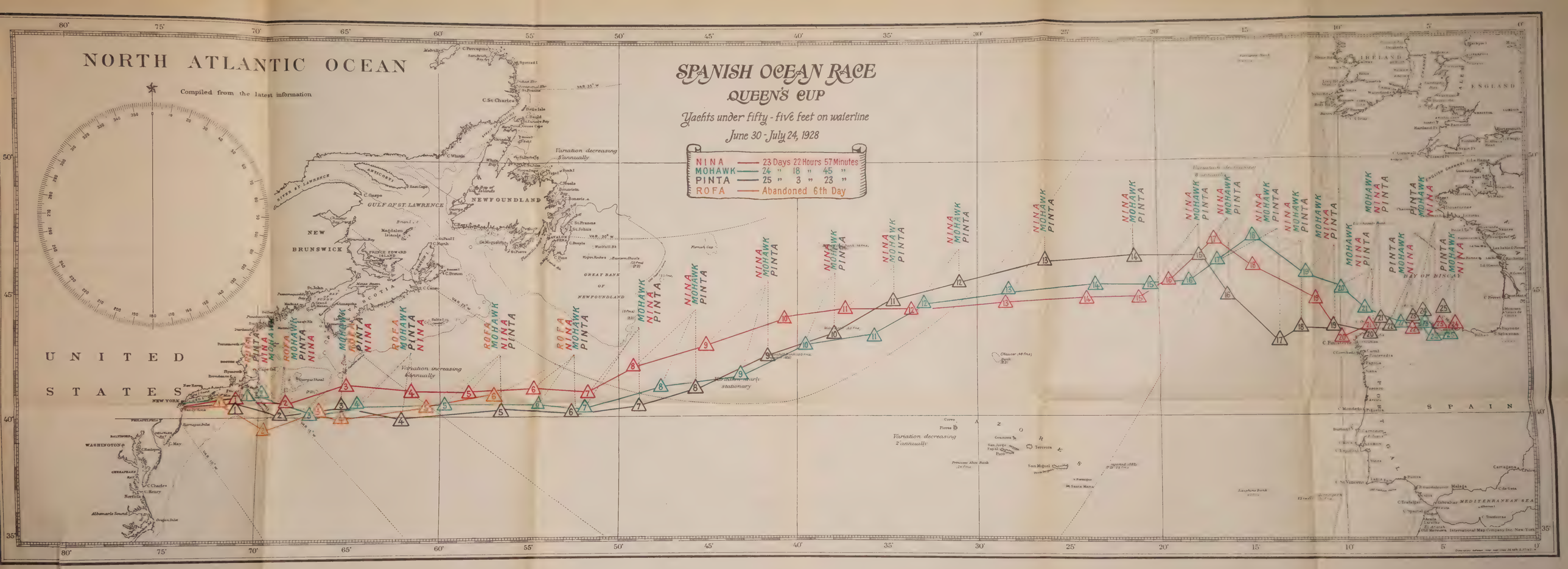
William B. Bell, *Captain*
Mrs. William B. Bell
Miss Helen G. Bell
Miss Marion Walters

AMATEURS ON BOARD THE ATLANTIC

Gerard B. Lambert, *Captain*
Charles Francis Adams, II
Charles Francis Adams, III
Lieutenant Felix Johnson
Dr. Malvern Clopton

AMATEURS ON BOARD THE GUINEVERE

Edgar Palmer, *Captain*
Duke of Santo Mauro
Norman Henderson Donald
Godfrey Harry Cuthbert Gundry
Charles Browne


SPANISH OCEAN RACE
QUEEN'S CUP
Yachts under fifty-five feet on waterline
June 30 - July 24, 1928
NINA — 23 Days 22 Hours 57 Minutes
MOHAWK — 24 " 18 " 45 "
PINTA — 25 " 3 " 23 "
ROFA — Abandoned 6th Day
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
Compiled from the latest information
UNITED STATES
NEW BRUNSWICK
NEWFOUNDLAND
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
GREAT BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND
IRELAND
ENGLAND
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
BAY OF BISCAY
Variation decreasing 5' annually
Variation increasing 6' annually
Variation decreasing 2' annually
Variation nearly stationary
International Map Company, Inc. New York

APPENDIX

AMATEURS ON BOARD THE ZODIAC

Robert Johnson, *Captain*
J. S. Johnson
William H. Borman
Dr. Theodore Badger
Commander Vincent Clark

AMATEUR CREWS OF THE SMALLER YACHTS

THE NINA

Paul Hammond, *Captain*
Gardner Emmons
Lowry Furst
Robert Jordan
Lawrence Lombard
Luis Midland
Kim Norton
Elihu Root, Jr.
John West
Robert M. Wood
The Nina *carried one paid cook.*

THE PINTA

Wm. J. Curtis, Jr., *Captain*
J. Linton Rigg
Alfred Loomis
Richard Hoffman
John M. Heffron
John Reynolds
Ellsworth Ford
Robert Garland
The Pinta *carried one paid cook.*

APPENDIX

THE MOHAWK

Dudley Wolfe, *Captain*
George Woodard
E. Endt
L. Poole
N. Biddle
J. Parkinson
The Mohawk *carried a paid cook and one professional.*

THE ROFA

William Roos, *Captain*
Mrs. William Roos
Walter Schoeler
Edwin Hotchkiss
Charles Townsend
The Rofa *carried one paid cook.*

THE ELENA'S VICTORIES

1911	Class	
THE SPRING CUPS. June 22nd.	A & B	1st
ELENA, IROLITA.		
GLEN COVE TO MORRIS COVE. August 4th.	A	1st
ELENA, WESTWARD.		
THE NAVY CHALLENGE CUPS. August 4th.	Schooners	1st
ELENA, IROLITA, ENCHANTRESS, KATRINA, TAORMINA, SIMITAR, ARIEL, VAGRANT, DERVISH, MILADI, SENECA, WESTWARD, CYGNET, ATLANTIC, ARIADNE.		
MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON. August 5th.	A	1st
ELENA, WESTWARD.		

THE VICE-COMMODORE'S CUPS. August 5th. ELENA, WESTWARD, IROLITA, SEA FOX, ENCHANTRESS, ARIEL, INTREPID, ARIADNE, ATLANTIC, ALOHA.	Schooners	1st
FORT POND BAY TO NEW BEDFORD. August 8th. ELENA, WESTWARD.	A	1st
NEW BEDFORD TO NEWPORT. August 9th. ELENA, WESTWARD.	A	1st
THE REAR-COMMODORE'S CUPS. August 9th. ELENA, WESTWARD, IROLITA, ENCHANTRESS, ARIEL, INTREPID, ATLANTIC.	Schooners	1st

1912

SMITHTOWN BAY TO NEW LONDON. August 9th. ELENA, ENCHANTRESS, ENDYMION, IROLITA, SEA FOX.	B	1st
NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT. August 10th. ELENA, IROLITA, ENCHANTRESS, SEA FOX, ENDYMION.	B	1st
THE REAR-COMMODORE'S CUPS. August 10th. ELENA, ENCHANTRESS, IROLITA, SEA FOX, ENDYMION, INTREPID, ARIADNE.	Schooners	1st
THE ASTOR CUPS. August 14th. ELENA, IROLITA, ENCHANTRESS, MURIEL, PRINCESS.	Schooners	1st

APPENDIX

1913

THE ANNUAL REGATTA. June 26th. ELENA, IROLITA.	B	1st
THE N.Y.Y.C. COURSE CUPS. June 26th. ELENA, IROLITA, WHILEAWAY.	Schooners	1st
NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT. August 6th. ELENA, IROLITA, ENDYMION.	B	1st
REAR-COMMODORE'S CUPS. August 6th. ELENA, IROLITA, ENDYMION, ARIEL.	Schooners	
THE ASTOR CUPS. August 7th. ELENA, IROLITA, HOPEWELL.	Schooners	1st

1916

REAR-COMMODORE'S CUPS. ELENA, IROLITA, VAGRANT, MARIETTE, KATRINA, INVADER, WINDWARD, ATLANTIC.	Schooners	1st
VICE-COMMODORE'S CUPS. ELENA, IROLITA, MARIETTE, SEA FOX, VAGRANT, INVADER.	Schooners	1st
THE ASTOR CUPS. ELENA, IROLITA, FLYING CLOUD, AMORILLA, VAGRANT.	Schooners	1st
THE KING'S CUP. ELENA, AURORA, DORIS, VAGRANT, CAROLINA, BARBARA, GRAYLING, IROLITA.		1st

APPENDIX

1928

THE KING'S CUP FOR THE SPANISH OCEAN RACE. Awarded by His Majesty Alfonso XIII. 1st

ELENA, ATLANTIC, GUINEVERE, ZODIAC, AZARA.

WINNER IN THE RACE FROM SANTANDER TO BILBAO. 1st

ELENA, ATLANTIC, MARIA DEL CARMEN.

APPENDIX

LOG

Yacht ELENA from July 7 to 25

New York to Santander

July 7	8.00 A.M.	Remainder Crew boarded ship.
	10.30	Proceeded to starting line under tow.
	Noon	Light E'ly airs, moderate swell.
	12.15	Arrived off starting line.
	1.00 P.M.	Waiting for starting signal.
	2.00	Maneuvering around starting line. Light var. airs. Calm. Moderate E'ly swell.
	2.30 Daylight Saving Time, starting signal given (6.30 P.M. G.M.T.)	Light SW winds. Moderate E'ly swell. Fine clear weather.
	6.20 P.M.	Fire Island Lightship at 1¼ E&S.
	8.00	Ditto wind and weather.
	Midnight.	Log 30 Light S'ly winds, small swell, fine and clear. Queen staysail and main balloon staysail. ESE.
July 8	12 to 4 A.M.	Light SW winds, smooth sea, Mod. E'ly swell. Fine clear weather.
	8 to 12	Ditto wind and weather.
169 m.	4.00 P.M.	Yacht *Atlantic* abeam. Fresh SW wind, small following sea. Fine and clear. Balloon Jib topsail and balloon main topmast staysail.
July 9	3.45 A.M.	Main balloon halyards carried away—sail taken in. Fresh SW breezes, increasing quartering sea.
	7.15	Log 80. Mod. SW wind sea. Clear weather.

263 m.	11.20	Ditto wind and weather. Balloon jip topsail and balloon main topmast staysail. Mod. SW wind and sea. Fine clear weather. Log 93. No change in weather conditions.
	Midnight	Fresh SW wind. Mod. quarter sea, fine and clear.
July 10	7.30 A.M.	Log 50. Small following sea, fine and clear, light SW'ly wind, balloon jib topsail, balloon main topmast staysail.
	11.40	Jibed ship and steering E ½ N.
233 m.		
	2.00	Set ringtail.
	7.00	Took in ringtail. Mod. breeze, sea. Overcast. Balloon jib topsail, balloon maintopmast staysail & Queen staysail.
July 11	4.00 A.M.	Light wind, small sea, fine and clear.
	7.30	Light N'ly wind, smooth sea, fine clear weather.
	Noon	Light breeze, small swell, fine andclear.
195 m.		
	2.00 P.M.	Light NW airs.
	10.45	Hauled up to NE & E. Log 85.
	Midnight.	Calm long. SW swell, fine and clear.
July 12	4.00 A.M.	Light var. airs, fine and clear.
	8.00	Ditto.
99 m.		
	Noon	Light SW winds, fine—clear.
	8.00 P.M.	Fresh S breeze, small sea, fine and clear.
July 13	4.00 A.M.	Fresh S'ly breeze. Small sea, fine and clear.

282 m.	Noon	Fresh Breeze, rough quartering sea, fine and clear.
	6.30 P.M.	Fresh breeze, rough following sea, fine and clear.
July 14	2.20 A.M.	Light SW winds, small sea, overcast. Rain showers.
	5.00	Hauled up to ESE.
	8.00	WSW light wind, rough sea—rainy weather.
279 m.	2.00 P.M.	Set balloon topmast staysail.
	4.00	Fresh breeze, rough following sea, overcast.
	6.30	Took in balloon main topmast staysail.
	8.00	Strong S'ly wind, rough quartering sea, overcast.
	9.05	Fore topsail sheet carried away.
	10.30	Jib topsail carried away.
July 15	2.00 A.M.	Strong to light S'ly wind, rain and squally weather. SW'ly swell.
	4.30	Wind backing E'ly, set queen staysail, baby jib, fore tops.
	5.00	Wind hauling S'ly, winds heavy, wind squalls.
	6.00	Took in baby jib, queen staysail, fore and main topsails.
265 m.	8.00	Fresh S'ly winds Mod. sea overcast. First half of watch calm, confused sea, partly rain. Ugly appearance. Second half good. Stiff SE'ly breeze full and by rough sea.
	Noon	Strong S'ly wind rough sea overcast with heavy rains.

July 15	Midnight	Strong S'ly wind rough sea, rain. Overcast.
July 16	4.00 A.M.	Strong to mod. wind shifting to SE. Overcast.
	8.00	Fresh SE'ly wind, rough sea, cloudy, overcast.
236 m.	Noon	No change in weather. Vessel laboring heavily.
	4.00 P.M.	Strong SSE wind rough sea cloudy overcast.
	Midnight	Wind and sea moderating.
July 17	2.34 A.M.	Passed through patch of fog. Fresh to mod. wind, rough sea, overcast.
216 m.	4.00	Mod. SSE wind, heavy head swell, overcast with fog.
	Noon	Light SSE'ly wind, Mod. swell, fine and clear.
	4.00 P.M.	Light SE winds, Mod. E'ly swell cloudy weather.
	Midnight	Light air, small swell, fine and clear.
July 18	4.00 A.M.	Light SE winds, fine and clear, Mod. E'ly swell.
158 m.	8.00	Light breeze, mod. head sea. Fine and clear.
	Midnight.	No change in wind and weather conditions.
July 19	4.00 A.M.	Light SE airs, mod. head swells. Fine and clear.
	8.00	Light var. airs mod. SE swell, fine and clear.
120 m.	8.00 P.M.	Light var. airs, calm, fine clear weather.
	Midnight	Calm, small swell, overcast.

July 20	4.00 A.M.	Light airs, calm through watch.
57 m.	8.00	Light breeze. Overcast.
	4.00 P.M.	Calm. S'ly swell, fine and clear.
	Midnight	No change.
July 21	4.00 A.M.	Light breeze, heavy head swell, overcast.
	8.00	Light breeze, Mod. E'ly swell, cloudy weather.
	Noon	Light breeze, heavy head swell, fine and clear.
86 m.	4.00 P.M.	Light var. airs and calms. Mod. SW swell.
	8.00	Jibed ship in port tack. Log 42. Light NW wind, fine clear weather.
	Midnight	Light breeze, small swell, fine and clear.
July 22	2.00 A.M.	Wind hauled N'ly.
	4.00	Light N'ly winds, smooth sea, fine and clear.
117 m.	8.00	Mod. increasing breeze, Mod. sea, fine and clear.
	Noon	Fresh N'ly winds, Mod. sea, fine and clear.
	8.00 P.M.	Fresh N'ly wind, rough sea, fine and clear.
July 23	4.00 A.M.	Fresh N'ly breeze rough sea fine and clear.
	9.30	Took in No. 1 jib topsail.
	10.00	Took in fore and main topsail.
268 m.	10.30	Took in queen staysail.
	Noon	From fresh to strong N'ly wind, rough sea, shipping heavy seas forward.
	4.00 P.M.	Strong N'ly wind, rough sea, vessel shipping forward heavily.

July 23	11.25	Set queen staysail, fore and main topsails. Mod. breeze & sea, fine and clear.
July 24	5.00 A.M.	Mod. N'ly winds, mod. sea, fine clear weather. Set jib topsail.
	8.00	Fresh breeze, small sea, fine and clear.
246 m.	2.50 P.M.	Finished race. G.M.T. 3–15–28.

PROGRAM OF FESTIVITIES IN SPAIN

July 24. TUESDAY.

3.15.28 G.M.T.	Crossed the Finish Line.
	Met by the King, the Reception Committee and many others.
	Triumphal entry into the harbor.
	Members of Reception Committee and Officers of the Club to tea.
	Went ashore to see the Cups at the Club.
	Dinner aboard.

July 25. WEDNESDAY.

	Lunch aboard, four guests.
	Tea aboard the *Detroit.*
12.56.10 G.M.T.	*Atlantic* finishes.
	Dinner aboard. The nine amateurs of the *Nina.*
	Pinta finishes.

July 26. THURSDAY.

	Lunch aboard. Four guests.
	Tea aboard. Seven guests.
	Dinner aboard. Four guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Square and the British Vice Consul, Mr. Bates.
	Mohawk and *Guinevere* finish.

July 27. FRIDAY.

	Luncheon with Mrs. Meade and family.
5.30 P.M.	Reception at the Town Hall. Premier de Rivera and the Mayor, Don Fernando Barreda, present.
7.00	Tea at the Tennis Club.
9.00	Dinner aboard.
10.30	Dance at the Tennis Club. Royal Family present.

July 28. SATURDAY.

	All day excursion to Santillana and the caves of Altamira. Lunch at Santillana, tea at Oyambre Golf Club, returned about 8.30 P.M.
	Dinner aboard.
10.30 P.M.	Ball at the Royal Palace.
	Zodiac finishes.

July 29. SUNDAY.

11.30 A.M.	Prizes presented at the Royal Yacht Club by the Queen.
2.00 P.M.	Lunch aboard. Four guests: Mr. Ogden H. Hammond, the American Ambassador, and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Whitehouse, Secretary of the Legation, and Mrs. Whitehouse.
5.00 P.M.	Tea aboard. Officers of the *Detroit* as guests.
9.30 P.M.	Dinner at Hotel Real in honor of the Yachtsmen. Royal Family present. Reception aboard the Spanish Ship, *Reina Christina*. Dancing.

July 30. MONDAY.

11.00 A.M. to 12.00	Open House.
NOON 2.00 P.M.	Lunch on board. Premier de Rivera, his two daughters, the Count and Countess Pelayo.
	Tea dance aboard the *Detroit*.
	Polo Game.
	The Skipper made an honorary member of the Royal Club de Regattas de Santander.
	Dinner on board. The Reception Committee as guests.
	Skipper and Mrs. Bell dine at the Palace.

July 31. TUESDAY.

	Race Santander to Bilbao.
	Tea at the Royal Sporting Club at Bilbao.
	Dinner aboard.

August 1. WEDNESDAY.

	Luncheon on the *Atlantic*.
	Dinner and dance at the Maritimo Club.
	Prizes awarded.

August 2. THURSDAY.

	Dance and dinner at the Royal Sporting Club.

August 3. FRIDAY.

5.00 A.M.	Sailed for Cowes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

NO record of the race would be complete which failed to mention the interest and courtesy of the Spanish Embassy in the United States, and especially the personal interest of His Excellency, Alejandro Padilla y Bell, the Spanish Ambassador. Without the experience, wisdom and detailed care of Mr. Henry Howard, Secretary of the American Committee of the Spanish Ocean Race, the yachts would never have left New York. Moreover, much credit is due to him for his timing of the boats so that both classes, although they left a week apart, reached Spain at approximately the same time. The actual start was admirably managed by the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club, of which Mr. Gerhardi Davis was Chairman, and Mr. Clinton MacKenzie and Mr. Edmund Lang are members.

On the Spanish side, many thanks are due to the Spanish Race Committee at Santander, which arranged for the reception of the yachts in such a cordial and highly efficient fashion. His Excellency, Ogden H. Hammond, and the Duke of Santona were notable for their leadership of the Committee, and Mr. Hammond was kindness itself in his endless services to the owners of the yachts. Of Mr. Ubao, the Secretary, we can only say that as secretary of a reception committee no one could have been more courteous, patient and unfailingly obliging in his efforts to be of service to all. The Spanish Yachting Clubs, the Real Club

Maritimo and the Real Club de Regattas of Santander, as well as the Real Sporting Club and the Real Club Maritimo at Bilbao, contributed greatly to the success of the occasion by their boundless hospitality. No regatta has ever been more efficiently conducted and certainly never with more genuine hospitality.

The *Elena* has many debts of her own to acknowledge. Without the efficient help of Miss Marion Walters and Miss Margaret G. Logan, the yacht could never have been ready in time to enter the race. At Santander, we owed a tremendous debt of gratitude to Miss Winifred A. Sandon for her untiring services in our behalf. Mr. and Mrs. Harris Square, by their extraordinary courtesy and kindnesses, made our visit far more pleasant than it could possibly have been without them, and Mr. Bates, British Vice Consul, earned our thanks by his helpful services.

SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY

Queen Victoria—Prince Albert

Alfonso XII—Maria Christina

Henry, Prince of Battenberg—Beatrice

ALFONSO XIII — VICTORIA EUGENIA

Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias
Jaime
Beatriz
Maria Christina
Juan
Gonsalo

PROVISIONS FOR THIRTY DAYS

FOR THE CREW (*46 Persons*)

Ham		120 lbs.
Veal Roast		120 lbs.
Beef Stew		80 lbs.
Pork Roast		120 lbs.
Liver		80 lbs.
Bacon		20 lbs.
Corned Beef		120 lbs.
Smoked Pork Tenderloin		120 lbs.
Lamb Stew		80 lbs.
Dried Beef		72 lbs.
Fried Ham		72 lbs.
Sausage		72 lbs.
Scrapple		72 lbs.
Frankfurters		72 lbs.
Minced Ham		25 lbs.
Bologna		25 lbs.
Corned Beef	(cans)	2 doz.
Potatoes		1060 lbs.
Tomatoes	(cans)	96 qts.
Onions		104 qts.
Carrots		104 qts.
Beets		104 qts.
Peas	(cans)	32 qts.
Cabbage		52 qts.
String Beans	(cans)	32 qts.
White Beans	(cans)	32 qts.
Baked Beans	(cans)	40 qts.
Parsnips		32 qts.
Corn	(cans)	32 qts.
Spinach	(cans)	32 qts.

Turnips	32 qts.
Canned fruit:	
Peaches	52 qts.
Pineapple	52 qts.
Apricots	52 qts.
Plums	52 qts.
Cherries	52 qts.
Raspberries	52 qts.
Oranges	120 doz.
Apples	9 bu.
Dried fruit:	
Apricots	50 lbs.
Prunes	50 lbs.
Peaches	50 lbs.
Apples	50 lbs.
Cheese	5 lbs.
Butter	300 lbs.
Canned Milk	2 gals.
Fresh Milk	135 gals.
Klim	3 lbs.
Eggs	385 doz.
Tea	58 lbs.
Coffee	145 lbs.
Cocoa	30 lbs.
Chocolate	30 lbs.
Malted Milk	5 lbs.
Flour	2½ bbls.
Yeast	2 lbs.
Sugar	220 lbs.
Rice	20 lbs.
Curry Powder	6 botl.
Tapioca	20 lbs.
Cornstarch	20 lbs.
Gelatine	4 lbs.
Macaroni	97 lbs.
Yellow Split Peas	10 lbs.
Green Split Peas	10 lbs.

Spaghetti	97 lbs.
Oatmeal	15 pkgs.
Cream of Wheat	15 pkgs.
Shredded Wheat	10 pkgs.
Wheatena	10 pkgs.
Corn Flakes	10 pkgs.
Bran Flakes	10 pkgs.
Raisins	10 lbs.
Currants	10 lbs.
Jelly	40 qts.
Jam	10 qts.
Molasses	4 qts.
Bread	200 lvs
Cookies	300 lbs.
Pilot Crackers	300 lbs.
Pickles	10 qts.
Ketchup (bottles)	3 doz.

MISCELLANEOUS SUPPLIES

Dutch Cleanser	50 cans
Soap	100 cakes
Gold Dust	50 lbs.
Washing Soda	50 lbs.
Toilet Paper	50 rolls

MENUS FOR THE CREW

July 7

BREAKFAST

Fried Eggs
Corn Flakes
Oatmeal
Milk—Sugar
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

July 8

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Bacon and Eggs
Bran Flakes
Wheatena
Milk—Sugar
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

DINNER

Lamb Stew
Carrots—Onions
Potatoes
Pudding
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

DINNER

Corn Beef
Cabbage
Potatoes
Bread—Butter
Pudding
Coffee—Milk—Sugar

SUPPER

Frankfurters
Potato Salad
Bread—Butter
Jelly
Apple Sauce
Cookies
Tea

SUPPER

Scrapple and Molasses
Fried Potatoes
Bread—Butter
Jelly
Peach Sauce
Cookies
Tea

July 9

BREAKFAST

Scrambled Eggs
Post Toasties
Cream of Wheat
Milk—Sugar
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

July 10

BREAKFAST

Eggs
Shredded Wheat
Corn Meal Mush
Milk—Sugar
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

DINNER

Ham
String Beans
Potatoes
Apple Pie
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

DINNER

Liver and Bacon
Canned Peas
Potatoes
Bread—Butter
Pudding
Coffee—Sugar—Milk

SUPPER

Cold Meat
Macaroni and Cheese
Bread—Butter—Jelly
Canned Cherries
Cookies
Tea—Milk—Sugar

SUPPER

Sausage
Fried Potatoes
Bread—Butter—Jelly
Canned Pineapple
Cookies
Tea—Milk—Sugar

July 11

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Fried Eggs
Corn Flakes
Oatmeal
Milk—Sugar
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

DINNER

Pork Roast
Beets
Potatoes
Bread—Butter
Pudding
Coffee—Sugar—Milk

SUPPER

Fried Ham
Potato Cakes
Bread—Butter—Jelly
Apricot Sauce
Cookies
Tea—Milk—Sugar

July 12

BREAKFAST

Scrambled Eggs
Bran Flakes
Wheatena
Milk—Sugar
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

DINNER

Beef Stew
Onions
Carrots
Potatoes
Bread—Butter
Pudding
Coffee—Sugar—Canned Milk

SUPPER

Cold Meat
Spaghetti and Tomato
Bread—Butter—Jelly
Plum Sauce
Cookies
Tea—Milk—Sugar

APPENDIX

July 13

BREAKFAST

Eggs
Post Toasties
Cream of Wheat
Milk—Sugar
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Canned Milk—Sugar

DINNER

Veal Roast
Tomatoes
Potatoes
Bread—Butter
Coffee—Sugar—Milk

SUPPER

Dried Beef
Creamed Potatoes
Bread—Butter—Jelly
Prunes
Cookies
Tea—Milk—Sugar

PROVISIONS FOR THIRTY DAYS

FOR GUESTS (*4*)

Bacon		4 lbs.
Ham	(4)	24 lbs.
Chicken		24 lbs.
Squabs		20
Broilers		12
Liver		5 lbs.
Duck	(4)	24 lbs.

Beef Steak	(4)	12 lbs.
Roast Beef	(4)	24 lbs.
Lamb Roast	(4)	24 lbs.
Lamb Chops		40
Pork Chops		32
Pork Roast	(4)	24 lbs.
Veal Roast		24 lbs.
Veal Cutlet	(4)	10 lbs.
Alligator Pears		1 doz.
Lettuce		120 heads
String Beans		32 lbs.
Peas		36 lbs.
Lima Beans		32 lbs.
Tomatoes		40 lbs.
Cucumbers		18
Radishes		30 bchs.
Beets		12 bchs.
Carrots		12 bchs.
Corn	(ears)	4 doz.
Mushrooms		32 lbs.
Egg Plant		8
Asparagus		18 bchs.
Celery		30 bchs.
Spinach		32 qts.
Romaine		10 heads
Endive		8 lbs.
Oranges		16 doz.
Grapefruit		14 doz.
Apples		14 doz.
Bananas		14 doz.
Watermelons		4
Peaches		14 doz.
Plums		14 doz.
Apricots		14 doz.
Cherries		10 lbs.
Grapes		30 lbs.
Pineapples		28

Melons:	
Honeydew	30
Canteloupe	60
Strawberries	10 qts.
Raspberries	10 qts.
Lemons	14 doz.
Pears	14 doz.
Prunes	4 pkgs.
Sugar:	
Lump	2 lbs.
Granulated	20 lbs.
Brown	2 lbs.
Confectioners'	4 lbs.
Pulverized	2 lbs.
Coffee	15 lbs.
Tea	5 lbs.
Cocoa	5 lbs.
Chocolate	5 lbs.
Maraschino Cherries	1 qt.
Salt	2 lbs.
Pepper	1 lb.
Sage	2 pkgs.
Flour	25 lbs.
Vanilla	1 pt.
Lemon Extract	1 pt.
Cinnamon	1 lb.
Baking Soda	1 lb.
Ginger	1 lb.
Oil	1 gal.
Vinegar	1 gal.
Soup	20 cans
Bouillon Cubes	5 pkgs.
Milk	309 "A"
Cream	6 qts.
Eggs	25 doz.
Sweet Butter	5 lbs.
Salt Butter	50 lbs.

Edam Cheese	3
Cream Cheese	2 doz.
Canadian Cheese	2 doz.
Lard	5 lbs.
Crisco	5 lbs.
Bread	15 lvs.
Cakes	5 lbs.
Cookies	5 bs.
Candy (Chocolates)	5 lbs.
Crackers	10 lbs.
Pretzels	5 lbs.
Caviar	3 lbs.
Pâté de Foie Gras	3 lbs.
Nuts	10 lbs.
Sardines (cans)	3 doz.
Olives:	
Plain	8 qts.
Stuffed	8 qts.
Jelly (glasses)	1 doz.
Marmalade	4 jars
Ginger Ale	100 btls.
White Rock	250 btls.
Apollinaris	250 btls.
Pickles:	
Plain	4 qts.
Mustard	4 qts.
Salad Dressing	2 qts.
Relish	1 qt.
Chili Sauce	1 qt.
Lea and Perrin's Sauce	1 pt.
Kitchen Bouquet	12

MISCELLANEOUS SUPPLIES

Ivory Soap	4 doz.
Pear's Soap (unscented)	2 doz.
(pumice)	1 doz.

Lux	10 pkgs.
Ammonia	4 qts.
Washing Powder	10 lbs.
Bon Ami	1 doz.
Grandpa's Wonder Soap	3 doz.
Silver Polish	6
Matches	100 boxes
Candles	2 doz.
Toilet Paper	12 rolls
Tissue Paper	2 rolls
Waxed Paper	2 rolls

MEALS FOR GUESTS

July 7

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Bacon and Eggs
Toast and Butter
Coffee
Cream and Sugar

LUNCH

Soup
Broiler
Peas
Alligator Pear Salad
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Strawberries and Cream
Coffee

DINNER

Caviar
Lamb Roast
String Beans
Endive Salad, Russian

July 8

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Eggs and Liver
Toast and Butter
Coffee
Cream and Sugar

LUNCH

Soup
Steak and Mushrooms
Asparagus
Tomato and Lettuce Salad
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Raspberries
Coffee

DINNER

Pâté de Foie Gras
Duck
Peas
Romaine Salad

Dressing
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Melon
Coffee

Olives, Celery, Nuts
Watermelon
Coffee

July 9

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Bacon and Eggs
Toast—Butter
Coffee—Cream—Sugar

LUNCH

Soup
Lamb Chops
Asparagus
Olives, Radishes, Nuts
Cucumber Salad
Fresh Pineapple
Coffee

DINNER

Cantaloupe
Pork Roast
Broccoli
Beet and Egg Salad
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Mixed Fruit
Coffee

July 10

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Eggs and Bacon
Toast—Butter
Coffee—Cream—Sugar

LUNCH

Soup
Cold Meat
Asparagus
Olives, Radishes, Nuts
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Pears
Coffee

DINNER

Caviar
Roast Chicken
Lima Beans
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Cheese and Nut Salad
Melon
Coffee

July 11

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Bacon and Liver
Toast—Butter
Coffee—Cream—Sugar

July 12

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Bacon and Eggs
Rolls—Butter
Coffee—Cream—Sugar

LUNCH

Soup
Pork Chops
Beets
Fruit Salad
Olives, Radishes, Nuts
Crackers, Cheese, Jelly
Coffee

LUNCH

Soup
Veal Cutlet
Carrots
Olives, Radishes, Nuts
Vegetable Salad
Oranges and Bananas Sliced
Whipped Cream
Coffee

DINNER

Pâté de Foie Gras
Ham
Spinach
Lettuce and Stuffed Tomato Salad
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Apple Dumplings
Coffee

DINNER

Grapefruit
Roast Beef
Fresh Corn
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Alligator Pear Salad
Prune Soufflé
Coffee

July 13

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Bacon and Eggs
Rolls—Butter
Coffee

LUNCH

Soup
Squab
Peas
Olives, Radishes, Nuts
Apple and Nut Salad
French Pancakes with Jelly
Coffee

DINNER

Pâté de Foie Gras
Veal Roast
Egg Plant
Olives, Celery, Nuts
Endive Salad, Russian Dressing
Melon
Coffee

APPENDIX

ELENA

CUBIC CAPACITY

Saloon Deck	Frames	Cubic Feet
Fore Peak	0–12	356
After Peak	66–80	1341
Fo'cas'le	12–25	2087
Officers' Quarters	25–33	2117
Galley and Pantry	33–37	1245
Captain's Room, Wireless Room and Stewards' Room	37–42	1652
Main Saloon	42–50	2697
Guests' Staterooms and Baths	50–58	2526
Owner's Stateroom and Steerage	58–66	1954
Machinery and Storage Deck		
Machinery Compartment	33–45	1760
Fresh Water Tanks and Stowage	45–66	1653
Refrigerator Room Compartment	25–33	705
Stowage Compartment under Fo'cas'le	12–25	255
Space over lead keel (ballast stowage)	33–61	315

CAPACITY BY ROOMS IN CUBIC FEET

Fo'cas'le	2087	Wireless Room	293
Officers' Mess	805	Sailbin and Lobby	510
Forward Port Stateroom	328	Passageway	68
Forward Starboard Stateroom	328	Main Saloon	2697
After Port Stateroom	328	Guest's Stateroom	554
After Starboard Stateroom	328	" "	554
Galley and Bakery	663	" "	513
Passageway	122	" Bath	413
Pantry	460	Passageway	350
		Steerage and Chart Room	822
		Owner's Bath	388

APPENDIX

Captain's Stateroom .	426	Owner's Stateroom . .	886
Stewards' Stateroom .	355	Cold Storage Room . .	225

TABLE OF SAIL AREAS IN SQUARE FEET AND METRES

Racing Rig	Sq. Ft.	Sq. Metres	Transatlantic Rig	Sq. Ft.	Sq. Metres
Mainsail.....	5345	496	Mainsail.....	4225	393
Foresail.....	2110	196	Foresail.....	2055	192
Forestaysail.....	1065	99	Forestaysail.....	1065	99
Jib.....	1185	110	Jib.....	672	62
Jib Topsail.....	556	52	Jib Topsail.....	475	44
Main Topsail...	945	88	Main Topsail...	945	88
Fore Topsail....	637	59	Fore Topsail....	637	59
Total Working Sail Area.....	11843	1100	Total Working Sail Area for Transatlantic Rig	10074	937
Reaching Jib Topsail.....	1696	157	Reaching Jib Topsail.....	300	121
Reaching Jib Topsail No. 2.	995	92	Reaching Jib Topsail No. 2.	700	65
Balloon Jib.....	3952	368	Balloon Jib.....	3200	298
Jib No. 2.....	850	79	Spinnaker.....	3840	357
Forestaysail No. 2.....	820	71	Forestaysail No. 2.....	820	71
Spinnaker.....	4655	434	Squaresail.....	1900	176
Club Topsail....	1558	145	Raffee.....	520	48
Foretopmast Staysail.....	609	56	Ringtail (Total).	1600	148
Fisherman's Staysail.....	1725	161	Ringtail (Outside leach)....	810	75
Balloon Main Topmast Staysail.....	4947	459			
Storm Trysail...	1125	104			

INDEX

Acknowledgments, 116
Adams, Charles Francis, 10, 102
Alba, Duke of, 51
Altamira, Caves of, 39, 40, 114
American Mast and Spar Co., 71
Anchors, *Elena*, 61
Arana, Ramon Real de Asua y, 54
Atlantic, 9, 10, 11, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 33, 52, 53, 54, 56, 71, 101, 102, 113
Autanblanc, 83
Azara, 9, 42, 101

Bagley, Captain, 29, 30
Baker, Mr. Frank E., 9, 101
Baker, Mr. George J., 9, 101
Baldecia, Countess de, 40
Ball, Royal Palace, 42
Balloon jib topsail, 10, 76
Barr, Captain, 5, 25, 101
Bates, Mr., 35, 117
Beam, *Elena*, 59
Beaufort Scale, wind forces, 82
Benamejis, Marquis of, 40
Bilbao, 51, 52, 55, 56, 57, 106, 115, 117
Boats sighted:
  Steamers, 16
  Schooner, 21
  Fishing boats, 24
Boom, *Elena*, 60
Bradford, Mr. Gershom, 72, 75
Brown, Miss Margaret Fitzhugh, 31
Builder, Herreshoff, 58
Bulkheads, *Elena*, 62, 63, 64, 72
Bullfight, 33
Burrage, Admiral, 29, 30, 33

Canvas, 11
Carpenter, 18, 44, 45
Centerboard, *Elena*, 59
Chafing, 14
Chartroom, 64
Chronometer, 77
Coal, 67
Columbus, Christopher, 69
Committees:
  Spanish Ocean Race Committee, 99
  New York Yacht Club, in charge of start, 99
  Spanish Race Committee at Santander, 100
Compass, *Elena*, 61
Course, 80, 83, 84
  Distance, 26, 84
Crew, *Elena*, 5, 17, 18, 19, 44, 45, 47, 48
  List, *Elena*, 101
  Amateur Crews:
    Nina, 103
    Pinta, 103
    Mohawk, 104
    Rofa, 104
  Amateur Crews:
    Elena, 102
    Atlantic, 102
    Guinevere, 102
    Zodiac, 103
Cubic Capacity, *Elena*, 131
Cunningham, Commander, 16
Cup, King's, 4, 25, 46
Cup, Queen's, 25, 31, 69
Curtis, W. J., Jr., Foreword, 34, 101, 103

Dance, Tennis Club, 36, 37, 38, 39
Davis, Mr. Gherardi, 99
Deck, *Elena*, 60
Designer, Herreshoff, 58
Detroit, U.S.S., 30, 33, 38, 39
Dinner, Hotel Real, 46, 47
Dinner, Royal Palace, 50, 51
Draft, *Elena*, 59

Echevarrieta, Horacio, 52
Electrical Apparatus:
  Sail hoists, 61
  Anchor hoists, 62
Elena:
  Alterations, 43
  Anchors, 61
  Beam, 59
  Boom, 60
  Bulkheads, 62, 63, 64, 72
  Centerboard, 59
  Compass, 61
  Crew, 5, 17, 18, 19, 44, 45, 47, 48
    List, 101
    Amateurs, 102
  Cubic Capacity, 131
  Deck, 60
  Designer, 58
  Engine Room, 65, 66, 67
  Engineers, 17

INDEX

Elena—(Continued)
Fog horn, 76
Forecastle, 62, 63
Grab Rails, 75
Keel, 59
Length:
Overall, 58
Waterline, 58
Lifeboats, 74
Light sails, 11
Log:
Patent Log, 62
Ship's Log, 108
Masts, 60, 70, 71
Medicine Chest, 79
Officers, 17, 63
Provisions, see
Pumps, 66, 67
Radio, 18, 22, 23, 77
Refrigerators, 66, 89, 90
Routine, 12
Run, record, 14
Sail Area, 132
Sails, 10, 76, 132
Saloon, 63
Searchlights, 61, 74
Seaworthy qualities, 21
Size, 58, 59
Spinnaker, 76, 84
Squaresail, 76, 84
Staterooms, 64
Steward's Department, 17, 62
Tanks, water, 72, 73
Tonnage, 59
Watches, 17, 62
Engine Room, *Elena*, 65, 66, 67
Engineers, *Elena*, 17

Festivities in Spain, List of, 113
Finish:
Line, 25, 81
Time of Arrival, 26
Time elapsed, 26
Fire Extinguishing System, 67
Fog:
Fog Belt, 82, 83
Fog Horn, *Elena*, 76
Forecastle, *Elena*, 62, 63

Grab Rails, *Elena*, 75
Guinevere, 9, 22, 23, 24, 44, 45, 46, 101, 102
Gulf Stream, 16

Hammond, Ogden H., 29, 30, 46, 100, 114, 116
Hammond, Paul, 33, 101, 103
Howard, Henry, 7, 99, 116

Infantas, 38, 52

Johnson, Robert, Foreword, 9, 101, 103

Keel, *Elena*, 59
King of Spain, 4, 28, 29, 31, 32, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 46, 47, 52, 55, 57

Lambert, Gerard B., Foreword, 9, 52, 71, 101, 102
Land sighted, 25
Length, *Elena:*
Overall, 58
Waterline, 58
Leviathan, 16
Lifeboats, *Elena*, 74
Light Sails, *Elena*, 11
Log, *Elena:*
Patent Log, 62
Ship's Log, 108
Logan, Miss Margaret G., 117

McGreevy, Mr., Foreword, 44
Maria del Carmen, 52, 53, 55
Masts, *Elena*, 60, 70, 71
Mayor of Santander, Don Fernando Barreda, 35, 114
Medicine Chest, *Elena*, 79
Mohawk, 34, 52, 101, 104

Nina, 24, 25, 52, 101, 103
Nip and Tuck, 5, 15, 30, 51, 55, 63, 79

Officers, *Elena*, 17, 63
O'Malley, Dr., 47
Oyambre Golf Club, 41

Padilla, Alejandro, Foreword, 99, 116
Palace, Royal, 42
Palmer, Edgar F., Foreword, 9, 101, 102
Participants in Race, 100
Pelayo, Count and Countess, 41, 49
Pilot, 27
Pinta, 34, 52, 101, 103
Princes:
Jaime, 30, 38
Gonsalo, 30
Provisions:
Potatoes, 67, 91
Meat, 90, 91
Eggs, 91
Cream, 91
Vegetables, 91
Fruit, 91
Flour, 91
Coffee, 92
Bread, 91
Tea, 92
Cost, 92, 93

INDEX

Provisions—(*Continued*)
  Lists:
    Crew, 119
    Guests, 124
  Menus:
    Crew, 121
    Guests, 128
Pumps, *Elena:*
  Bilge, 66
  Water Supply, 67

Queen of Spain, 37, 38, 39, 42, 46, 47, 52

Racing Rules, 97
Radio, 77
  Operators, 18, 22, 23
Reception, 27
  Boats, 27
  Committee, 28
  King's Launch, 27
  Battleships, 30
  Bands, 30
  Cannon Salutes, 30
  Rockets, 30
  At Town Hall, 35, 36
  Dance, Tennis Club, 36, 37, 38, 39
  Ball, Royal Palace, 42
  Dinner, Hotel Real, 46, 47
  Dinner, Royal Palace, 50, 51
  Excursion to Santillana, 39, 40
Record of Former Victories, *Elena*, 104, 105, 106, 107
Refrigerators, *Elena*, 89, 90
  Units, 66
Reina Christina, 47
Rivera, Primo de, 36, 47, 48, 49, 50, 115
Roads, Spain, 39
Rofa, 19, 101
  Crew, 104
Roos, Mr. William, 101, 104
Routine, *Elena*, 12
Run, record, *Elena*, 14

Sails, 76
Sails, *Elena:*
  Ringtail, 67
  Balloon jib topsail, 10, 76
  Balloon main topmast staysail, 76
  Jib, 76
  Forestaysail, 76
  Baby jib topsail, 76
  Foresail, 76
  Queen staysail, 76
  Fisherman's staysail, 76
  Squaresail, 76, 84
  Spinnaker, 76, 84
  Club topsail, 76
Sail area, *Elena*, 132
Saloon, *Elena*, 56, 63
Sandon, Miss Winifred A., 117
Santander, Description, 32
Santillana, 39, 40
Santona, Duke of, 47, 100, 116
Searchlights, *Elena*, 61, 74
Seaworthy qualities, *Elena*, 21
Size, *Elena*, 58, 59
Skipper, *Elena*, 4, 5, 9, 16, 21, 28, 35, 38, 43, 49, 53, 55, 70, 72, 73, 76, 78, 79, 81, 89, 100, 102, 115
Spanish Royal Family, Genealogical Table, 118
Spinnaker, *Elena*, 76, 84
Square, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, 35, 113, 117
Squaresail, *Elena*, 76, 84
Start, 1, 9
Starting line, 80
Staterooms, *Elena:*
  Owner's, 64
Steward's Department, 17, 62
Strain, long continued, 13

Tanks, *Elena*, water, 72, 73
Tonnage, *Elena*, 59
Topsails furled, 21

Ubao, Eduardo de, 100, 116

Victrola, 19

Walters, Miss Marion M., 5, 20, 48, 50, 89, 94
Warren, Mr., 18
Watches, *Elena*, 17, 62
Weather:
  Stormy, 19
  Squall, 20
  Calm, 22
Westward, 59
Whales, 16, 19
Whitehouse, Mr., 30, 114
Wilkinson, Mr., 71
Wilkinson, Mr., Jr., 44
Wolfe, Mr. Dudley F., 34, 101
Wood, Mr. Henry A. Wise, 31

Yacht Clubs:
  Atlantic Yacht Club, 7
  Real Club Maritimo, Santander, 30, 31, 116
  Royal Club de Regattas de Santander, 115, 117
  Real Sporting Club, Bilbao, 56, 57, 117
  Real Club Maritimo, Bilbao, 56, 117

Zodiac, 9, 41, 42, 101, 103, 114

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